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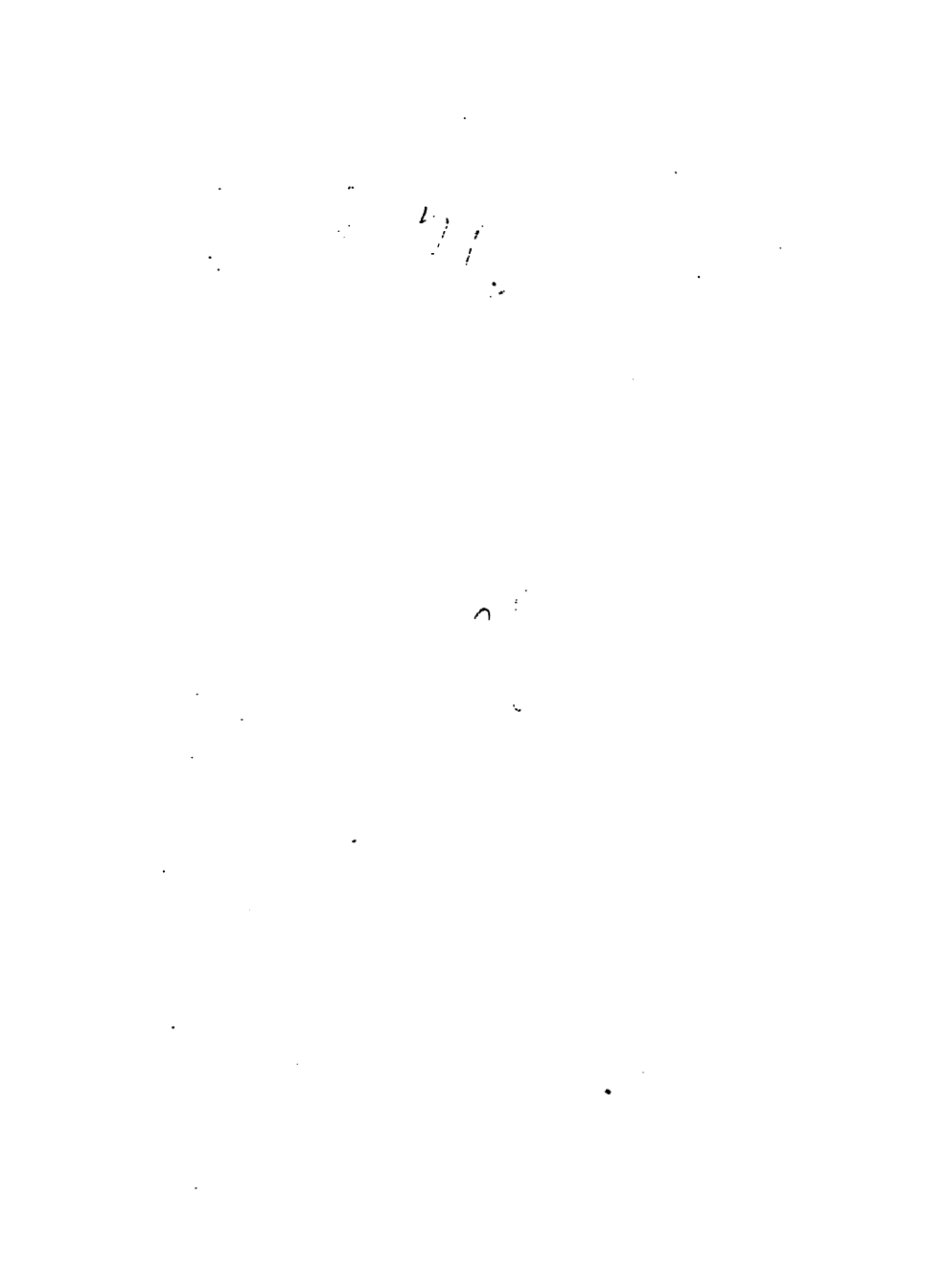
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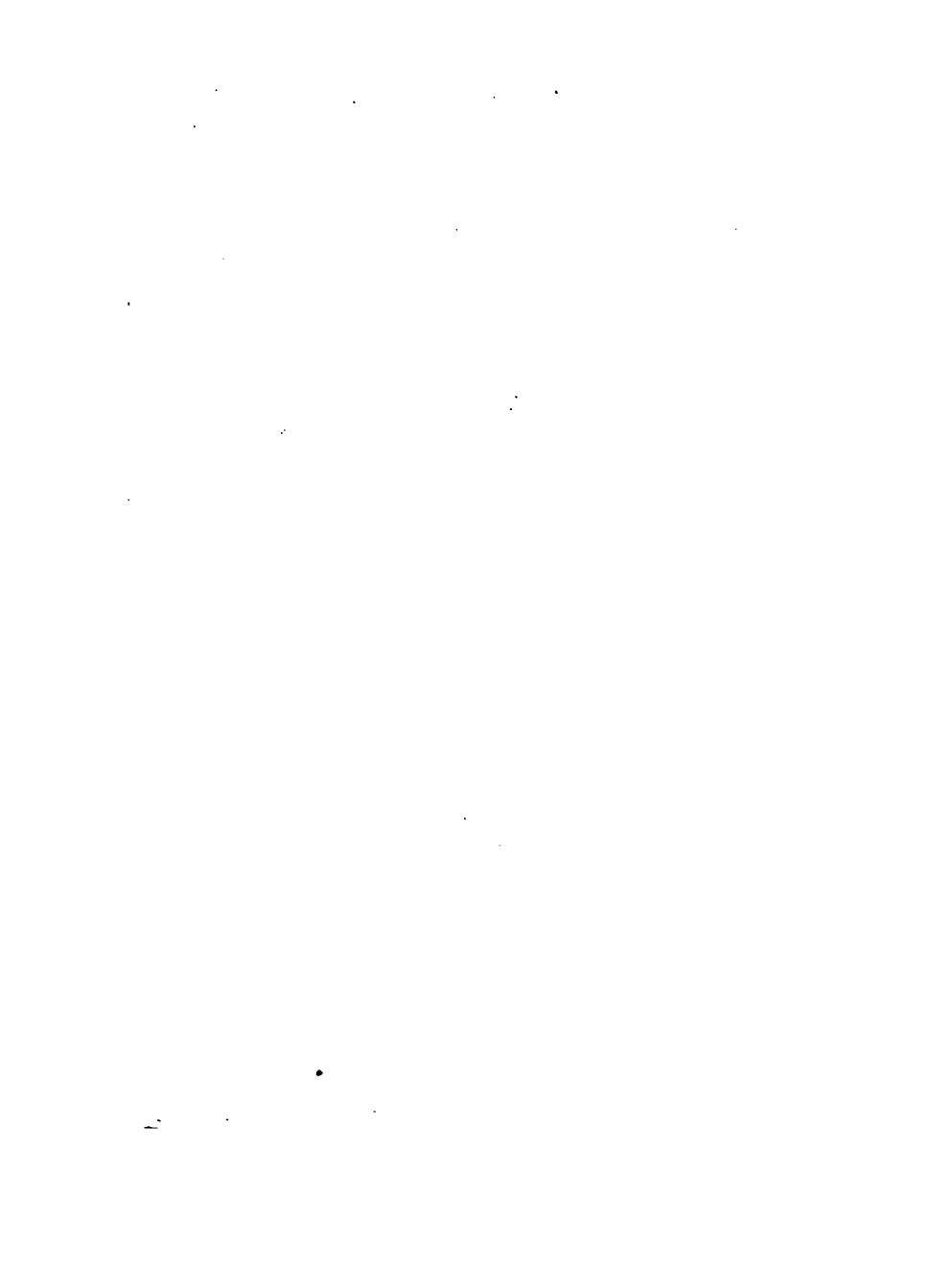
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AN
APOLOGY FOR “DON JUAN;”

A SATIRICAL POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

Third Edition.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A THIRD CANTO,

INCLUDING

REMARKS ON THE TIMES.

BY JOHN W. THOMAS.

“Fragili quærens illidere dentem
Offendet solido.” HOR. Sat. i. lib. ii.

“And it came to pass that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud,
for he is a god.”—1 Kings xviii. 27.

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE first and second Cantos of this Poem were published, anonymously, about twenty-five years ago, during the life-time of the noble author, of whose splendid, but licentious work it is a review : and a second edition, with some additions, appeared soon after his death. As the "Don Juan" of Lord Byron has taken its place in the classical literature of Great Britain, and has been ranked among the acknowledged productions of the noble Poet, in the recent edition of his works—not only with all its moral defects, but also with the passages restored which had been omitted in the earlier and anonymous editions—the author of the present poem has consented to the republication of the Ironical and Satirical "Apology"—with his name too prefixed. The allusions, however, to the original anonymousness of both have been unavoidably retained. Another reason existed for the step now taken. The "Apology for Don Juan" having been made the ground of a dastardly attack on the moral character of the Author, its re-

publication appeared to him to be his best answer to such an accusation. The anonymous "Fly-sheet" writer who first made it, has not only misrepresented the character and design of the Poem, but has also misquoted its language, so as even to *spoil the metre!* Like a clumsy farrier, or dishonest groom, who maims the animal he takes in charge, this writer has endeavoured to lame the author's Pegasus, though unable to clip his wings, or emulate his flight! The motto from Horace, retained in this edition, and which on the title-page of the former editions, warned the reader not to interpret the title *too* literally; may now be regarded as a vaticination of the attack and its result. The following is a liberal paraphrase:

"The FLY-SHEET *Viper* smarting from the scourge,
Entered the place where VATES plied the forge;
Forming the pointed bolts of war to throw
With his poetic arm against the foe.
Mad for revenge, the spotted pest look'd round,
If aught his fangs might reach : upon the ground
A something lay which to his eager eyes,
With passion blinded, seem'd a tempting prize :
On this he seized, but with the sudden stroke,
Against the *file* his poisonous teeth he broke."

The Stanzas on the Death of Byron, which form part of the additional Canto, appeared in the second edition of the Apology. With this exception, the third Canto is now for the first time presented to the Public.

AN APOLOGY, &c.

CANTO I.

I.

I SING Don Juan, and his Author, who
Are so deserving our profound attention :
I do it with the deference that's due
To brilliant wit, and eminent invention ;
Though some have thought, and have asserted too,
That there is ground for serious reprehension ;
The Bard assures us 'tis a moral poem,*
And claims that credit which the public owe him.

II.

This claim is just, as I shall quickly show,
To every reader's perfect satisfaction :
First, his nobility will prove it so— [action
High birth and blood, of course, would scorn an
So base as falsehood ; furthermore you know,
(And this must surely silence all detraction)
That he's a genius, and that sacred name
Excludes all ground of obloquy and shame.

III.

His lordship's genius I shall not say much on
 At present, for on that we all agree ;
 The argument which here I briefly touch on,
 Will clearly prove the moral tendency
 Of this divine and exquisite production ;
 Or, at the least, his *ipse dixit* he
 Would find enough for our complete conviction,
 But for some instances of contradiction.

IV.

I'll only mention two, which yet, I fear,
 Will his veracity too much disparage ;
 But do not censure him, until you hear
 What I shall urge to palliate this miscarriage :
 The first, perhaps, may somewhat odd appear,
 'Tis on the subject of the bard's own marriage :
 " I never married," he observes ;^b—but who
 Would think him bachelor and husband too ?

V.

The one he must be, from the above quotation ;
 If not the other, then I wonder why
 Philosophy, when combating temptation,
 Should whisper, " Think of every sacred tie !"
 Had he been wifeless, he on this occasion,
 Had surely made a different reply ;
 But thus to her memento he replied,
 " I will my dear Philosophy,"—and sigh'd.

VI.

'Tis therefore possible, it seems, to be
 Both these at once, and widower in addition !
 This by the following extract you will see,
 In which our author makes his deposition :
 " My days of love are o'er—no more with me
 The charms of maid or wife can find admission,
 As once they did." ^d I quote from memory, merely,
 And yet I know I'm quite correct, or nearly.

VII.

This threefold statement hints a curious fact,
 If accurate—and I could almost vouch it :
 But I'll not from our author's truth detract
 So much as to suppose one person doubts it ;
 Yet even if he were not quite exact,
 But made an awkward blunder at the outset,
 'Twas probably an inadvertent slip—
 Such sometimes will escape the pen or lip.

VIII.

Then as to that which " men call gallantry,"
 " 'Tis all the fault of that indecent sun."—
 Yet how, you'll ask, does this remark agree
 With what he says a little further on ;—
 " The moon does these things for us ? " ^e This may be
 A contradiction ; but we all must own,
 The truth, at any rate, his lay inspires
 When he exclaims that " Poets are such liars ! " ^f

IX.

This phrase from one, a poet by profession,
Appears a strange acknowledgment to make,
And certainly betrays great indiscretion ;
Yet still it would be most unfair to take
Advantage of a person's own confession,
Especially when character's at stake :
I therefore (do you show the like civility)
Regard it as a proof of his humility.

X.

That virtuous examples are not needed,
None in their senses will presume to say ;
Since moral precepts are pass'd by unheeded,
In this our naughty world from day to day.
The truth of my remark, then, but conceded,
How great the benefit which mortals may
Derive from so exemplary a piece
Of self-exposure, in a bard like this !

XI.

However this may be, our judgment should
Be form'd with candour and impartiality :
Himself he has not always understood ;[¶]
So that some parts possess that useful quality,
The obscure—but 'twould be vulgar, low, and rude,
On this sole ground to accuse of immorality,
A work whose eloquence so much surpasses,
That those it charms not must have ears like—asses'.

XII.

'Come hither, Juan, let me see your face :

None can deny that you're a lovely boy ;
The winning smile, the sweet attractive grace,
That fill the gazer with delight and joy,
Are yours, no doubt, and far exceed my praise :
Yet still my rapture suffers some alloy,
Because—your inclinations are so evil,
Your very author gives you to the devil.^b

XIII.

Not that I censure either him or you,

The poem, as I said, is strictly "moral,"
And as we find, 'tis "actually true,"

With truth 'twould surely be absurd to quarrel :
If some find fault, we know that's nothing new ;

Envy would blast Apollo's crown of laurel :
And—oh, poor lad ! some angry at what you did,
Forget those errors could not be eluded.

XIV.

Instead of blame, a case like this demands

Our deepest pity and commiseration :
A hero when he's in a poet's hands,
Must be content with whate'er situation
The bard assigns him. If he nobly stands
His ground, or basely falls before temptation,
'Tis but as he's compelled by circumstances,
Adjusted for him, as the tale advances.

1

XV.

'Tis said, the ancient Canaanitish nations,
With sound of timbrels made their children pass
Through fire to Moloch, whom with such oblations
They sought to appease, when public mischief was.
What heart can be unmoved with such relations ?
Who pities not these helpless children's case ?
Yet if we should contemplate that of Juan
In the same light, no doubt 'twould be the true one.

XVI.

For only think—at one time we perceive him
A charming boy, to whom the muse had given
Such virtues, that a saint you might believe him ;
“ He seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,”
But soon the scene shifts, and those virtues leave him,
To be, alas ! through gulfs of lewdness driven ;
Till destiny completes his direful fall,
And “ endless showers of hell fire ” expiate all.

XVII.

A sketch of Juan's life I've given you here,
His doom is mention'd by anticipation ;
For though he has not finish'd his career,
We've several hints about its termination.
“ Poetic justice ” will in this appear—
Or, truth to say, poetic reprobation !
For ere his life begins, the poem shews,
In the first stanza, its predestined close.

XVIII.

If censure must lie somewhere then, don't throw it
On him, nor rigidly his errors seize on :
I'd have you think, too, ere you blame the poet, [son,
That for this course there may have been some rea-
I don't know what, but he will let us know it
(If nought prevent him) at some future season :
You must have patience then—remember that—
And if you won't, I'll *make* you,—so that's flat.

XIX.

I wish to use civility, but I'm
Compell'd to language that may seem unpleasant :
These things will all be specified in time,
Although “postponed discreetly for the present;”
'Twas only that I would prevent a crime,
That I thought proper just to give you this hint ;
For *certes*, 'twere a crime, and one most heinous,
To treat with disrespect so great a genius.

XX.

His genius here again comes in our way,
In truth, 'tis hard to keep it out of sight :
Though theme more pleasing ne'er inspired my lay,
To do it justice I'm unable quite.
O Bard immortal ! grant one heavenly ray,
To guide my muse in her adventurous flight :
For since she spurns each intellectual fetter,
And plumes her wings to soar, I'll even let her.

XXI.

Genius! we hail thee, whose unrivall'd might
Subdues and sways the captivated mind!
Who lives, that doth not, will not own thy bright,
Thy godlike charms, and empire unconfin'd?
Away, beyond, o'er all thou tak'st thy flight,
And leav'st the blazing comet far behind:
Thy more than magic skill creates around us
Scenes that delight, astonish, or confound us.

XXII.

Thou shak'st thy wand, and lo! the lightnings flash,
The hoarse wind rages and the thunders roar;
The boiling waves and tumbling billows lash
With headlong violence the resounding shore.
Hark! far away, a loud tremendous crash
Proclaims the vessel's fate;—'tis heard no more:
The storm yet rages, but the seamen sleep,
O'erwhelm'd and buried in the yawning deep.¹

XXIII.

Thou speakest, and the tempest stills its raving,
And heaven assumes its calmest, loveliest hue;
While verdant fields, and trees their foliage waving,
Around us smile, and Eden blooms anew:
Or scenes of gay licentiousness, enslaving
The inexperienced heart, thou bring'st to view.—
Aye—thou hast boundless power for good or evil—
Can'st bless or curse—can'st act the god or devil.

XXIV.

By thy enchanting voice invited forth,

We view,—and that without corporeal motion—
The various nations of the peopled earth,

And trace the features of the land and ocean :
Here mountains rise, and mighty streams have birth ;
There burning deserts spread, no land of Goshen :
Thou bid'st us view all climes ; the temperate, torrid,
And frozen—with its black pine forests horrid.

XXV.

To thee the proud prerogative is given

To look through all things—and beyond them too :
Not hell's abyss beneath, nor highest heaven,
Can aught conceal from thy all-piercing view.

Though Nature's ample realm be thine, and even
Destruction's empire thou hast travell'd through,
Yet not in these hast thou thy habitation,
But in thine own world—Fancy's fair creation.

XXVI.

There from afar I see thy temple shine,

Whose distant gleam our fond pursuit engages ;
Around thine altar the celestial Nine

Recount the illustrious deeds of former ages ;
There Fame records in characters divine,

The names of patriots, heroes, poets, sages ;
There too, by thee inspired, in strains the sweetest,
Sings he—of all thy modern sons “the greatest.”

XXVII.

And from his lofty intellectual station,

He rules our passions with despotic sway ;
Nor can our hearts resist the soft sensation

Breath'd over them by his all-soothing lay :
By him led forth how oft with exultation

Have I beheld the sun's expiring ray,
When the bright west with crimson radiance glows,
And the still twilight breathes her soft repose.

XXVIII.

"Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment, in its fullest power,

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.""

XXIX.

'Twas not in Italy nor Greece, 'tis true,

But further north, I felt as I've related ;
Yet scenes in our own clime we sometimes view,

By this description not at all o'er-rated,
That yield "emotions beautiful and new,"

And overpowering, as above I've stated ;
When earth and sky, all voiceless, seem to raise
Their tribute of unutterable praise.

XXX.

Within our sea-girt island, Peace has dwelt,
For ages ; while remote from clashing arms,
The wise have taught, the good and pious knelt ;
Here law protects, and love of freedom warms ;
And here, "sweet hour of twilight !" first I felt
Thee in thy whole omnipotence of charms :
When earth seem'd in her loveliest robe array'd,
And heaven, as now, her heavenliest hour display'd.

XXXI.

[wild

When the heavens frown, and lightnings flash, and
Winds roar, the strife sublimer feelings moves ;
But, though less grand, there's something in the mild
And softer scenes of nature, that one loves :
"The ocean slumbering like an unwean'd child,"
And whispering winds, and scarcely waving groves,
And twilight skies, impress the heart so sweetly,
Their tendency is to improve it greatly.

XXXII.

And in the calm and silent moonlight hour,
The stars all twinkling round the glowing pole,
When not a single cloud is seen to lour,
And Nature breathes her stillness to the soul,
"The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole :"
(I like so much to quote—my pilfering Muse
Begs that these trifling extracts you'll excuse.)—

XXXIII.

I say, that scenes like these the heart impress,
And lead to high and holy contemplation :
The world forgot, I find in this recess,
(All passions hush'd by heavenly meditation)
A power and presence that supremely bless,
Pervading this great temple of creation ;
And feel, while thus in adoration bended,
As if the Godhead visibly descended.

XXXIV.

All nature now is "still, though not in sleep,
And breathless—as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent—as we stand in thoughts too deep ;"¹
All nature now is still ; from the high host
Of stars unnumber'd, pouring down the steep
Of heaven a flood of light, to the bright coast
That girds the ocean, on whose liquid breast
The unruffled atmosphere hath sunk to rest.

XXXV.

Maker of all things ! good and wise art thou,
And powerful, as thy wondrous works declare ! —
Yet not those glories, that adorn the brow
Of sable vested night—not moon, nor star,
Nor aught sublime or beautiful below,
Can with thy noblest work, the mind, compare !
Though bright and lovely, yet unconscious these,
'Tis mind alone, that lives, and feels, and sees !

XXXVI.

If minds had not existed, all beside.
Of great and glorious, had been made in vain ;
Without the conscious spirit to reside
Beneath this concave heaven, the wide domain
Of nature were a vast, unoccupied,
And dreary waste—the solitary reign
Of everlasting silence :—'tis the soul—
That spark divine—that animates the whole.

XXXVII.

The soul!—that looks around ; and sees, unseen,—
That with one glance unnumber'd worlds describes,
That ponders all that is, or e'er hath been,
And into the dark future boldly pries :—
Bears she no value ? seems her nature mean ?
By the bright worlds that throng yon azure skies,
The glorious worth and dignity she boasts
Outweigh the pomp of all yon glittering hosts !

XXXVIII.

Father of souls ! Inspirer of my song !
Fountain of intellectual energy !—
From thee derived, to thee my powers belong :
O let my spirit find her rest in thee !
Hence ye profane, self-idolizing throng,
Who spurn all obligation :—pray do ye
Yourselves self-made and self-sustain'd opine ?
Or by the bounty of the Power divine ?

XXXIX.

But since ye boast of reason, would ye use it,
 'Twould teach you that to HIM who made the soul,
 Ye owe obedience, and should ye refuse it,
 Dispensing with such "troublesome control,"
 Your triumph will be short! your Maker views it
 With just displeasure—nor is this the whole :
 I'd have you tremble for the consequences,
 And ponder what your future recompense is!

XL.

But such remarks excite, no doubt, your scorning ;
 "Fine truths," ye call them: aye, fine truths indeed!
 "This is a liberal age"—and so good morning :
 'Tis time that with my subject I proceed. :
 I'll therefore urge no more a useless warning ;
 But since remorse will yet to crime succeed,
 If that your prostituted powers procure it ye,—
 But, that shall be decided by futurity.

XLI.

Wit—genius—learning—science—I admire,
 But Virtue more—*she* even excels alone ;
 With these conjoin'd, she sets their value higher,
 While these her absence never can atone.
 Virtue extinct, and parts abused, require
 A deeper sigh than states and realms o'erthrown :
 Virtue extinct, the mind in ruin lies,
 And empires pass away when virtue dies."

XLII.

O, 'tis a lamentable sight to see
A towering genius, a gigantic mind
By vice enslaved, with man at enmity,
His powers exerting to corrupt his kind,
To spread a moral pestilence where'er he
Can make his influence operate, and to bind
The spell, the fatal spell, that lures us on
Till, like the Sirens' victims, we're undone."

XLIII.

But if you'd have me point out place and person,
I'd rather be excused. You must allow,
There *have been* bards whose lays inflict a curse on
Posterity—and if some *living now*
Have pour'd their wanton and licentious verse on
The public ear and morals; any how
My judgment, given with such impartiality,
Shall not degenerate into personality.

XLIV.

"Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn [ample;
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more
And Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one,
Beginning with 'Formosum Pastor Corydon.'

XLV.

"Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
 For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
 Although no doubt his real intent was good,
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude;
 And then what proper person can be partial,
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?"^p

XLVI.

But to return—of all the bards that are
 At present in Apollo's train attendant,
 There's one whose powerful genius is by far
 Above the rest, as I conceive, transcendent:
 He, truly, like that bright and beaming star
 Call'd Lucifer, in lustre shines resplendent:
 Like that star's namesake, too, his magnanimity
 Leads him at times to rave with great sublimity.

XLVII.

Kind reader, do not start at this comparison;
 Nor deem that my design therein is evil:
 In "Cain a Mystery" our author carries on
 A dialogue, in which he seems to revel [own;
 In thoughts and language which appear old Harry's
 Indeed, he would have made a decent devil:¹
 So well has he in this attempt succeeded,
 He seems—but this digression is not needed.

XLVIII.

Unseen by us in his retirement, where
All-conscious of his strength, secure he dwells,
Like the young lion, couching in his lair,
His heart no foe alarms, no peril quells !
Ah ! let not those who wish their safety dare
To rouse him up ; for past experience tells
Too well the sad effects of such temerity ;—
And Southey feels the weight of his severity.

XLIX.

Some other bards he treats with equal rigour,
While his right hand the bolt of satire flings,
With aim unerring, and with no less vigour :
Or, like the “ cubless tigress,” lo, he springs
Forth on the prey ; and then—to change the figure—
Mounting aloft on Pegasean wings,
Upon his foes, he, fearless of a fall,
Looks back, and hurls defiance at them all ;

L.

Then plunges in the clouds, where darkness folds
Him round, and where the flame-wing'd tempest
There with the Spirit of the storm he holds [strays ;
Mysterious converse : sometimes in the blaze
He soars of solar glory, and beholds
Undazzled, like the bird of Jove, that blaze,
And dares those heights to which none else aspir
And like Prometheus steals celestial fire.

LI.

'Tis obvious that this mental elevation
Gives him, at least in his own view, the right
To administer, as he may see occasion,
The lash to all who may presume to write ;
And in the exercise of this vocation,
Perhaps he's more contemptuous than polite :
But this we can't regard with much astonishment,
Since he's himself above the fear of punishment.

LII.

Yet, I must say, I've thought that scorn of others
Which he displays at every opportunity,
Is not a handsome quality in authors,
Even when they're certain of complete impunity :
Each, doubtless, should regard the rest as brothers,
Or, at the least, as forming one community,
From which all conduct that's at all tyrannical,
Should be proscribed as monstrous and satanical.

LIII.

Why is our bard forgetful of that courtesy
His favorite Horace deem'd to others due—
Who certainly was never half so pert as he ?
That his ambition was as great, is true.
Here's proof, " *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*"
Thus he aspired ;—and yet he tells us too,
To please the " *genus irritabile vatum,*"
He suffered much—our Bard can only hate 'em.

LIV.

Like Cromwell when, with victory elated,

He turned the Commons out of doors, and levell'd
Ungracious words at those whom most he hated ;

Even so our bard without control hath revelled :
While they, alas ! who have been so ill-fated,

Be-rhymed—and I had almost said, be-devil'd—
Have been obliged reluctantly to yield, |
And leave him sole possessor of the field.

LV.

One is a "blockhead" "crazed beyond all hope,"

A second "drunk," a "third so quaint and mouthy ;"
In fact, scarce good enough to stretch a rope : [drouthy,
"Jack Cades of sense and song," who "hiss," being
"Above the graves" of "Milton, Dryden, Pope"—

Such 'Coleridge,' 'Poet Wordy,' and 'Bob Southey'
Are said to be ; their names on many a page '
Emblazon'd, call forth all our author's rage.

LVI.

I don't know what their ill-deserts may be ;

And wonder he such epithets should use :
'Tis also unaccountable to me,

That he should be so angry with "the Blues :"
But, as I'm fond of true philosophy,

I much regret his temper he should lose :—
Such flowers of rhetoric raise our author's glory,
Though not at all essential to his story.

LVII.

Well, I suppose these bards must feel his debtors,
For that distinction and regard thus shown 'em ;
And surely they must be ungrateful creatures,
Unless they readily consent to own him
Protector of the commonwealth of letters ;
Or else resolve at once its king to crown him :
By several precedents I here might show,
That such proceeding would be good in law.

LVIII.

By right of conquest, with imperial sway,
He'd rule not only poets and poetics,
But authors too in every other way—
History, theology, and dialectics—
Who, without doubt, will instantly obey
The dictum of this autocrat of critics ;
Or if they *won't* obey his sovereign nod,
He says—and swears—that he'll lay on the rod.

LIX.

“ You shall not write, in short, but what I choose :
This is true criticism ! ” such legislation
Leaves us no option : how can we refuse
Allegiance ? Do you call it usurpation ?
Well, if you thus provokingly abuse
Our country's glory, boast, and admiration,
I'll hear no more, since you so harshly deem,
But still pursue my interrupted theme.

LX.

Like him he dubs "high priest of all the Nine,"

(But Milton, I should by the way observe,
Lest you mistake this parallel of mine,

Was never known from decency to swerve ;
And his productions so sublime, divine,

Maintain a just and dignified reserve :
Where doth his verse deal censure ? When did he
Assail his brother bards with obloquy ?)—

LXI.

I say, our author, like this "Prince of Poets,"

Appears an independent sort of being :
Whether this parallel will further go, it's

Not mine to say, nor what their lives agree in.
One fact, though, in his life will further shew its

Resemblance with—but why expose it, seeing
I'm no biographer of these odd spouses,
Whose consorts left, as we are told, their houses.

LXII.

Muse! we're digressing ; 'tis high time thou wilt own,

That we proceed : for Juan is our theme—
The poem which his lordship's fame is built on :

'Tis my opinion, odd though it may seem,
That whatsoever people say of Milton—

Whom I have always held in high esteem—
He never could have written such a poem,
As, were he living now, we soon might show him.

LXIII.

How beauty and sublimity here link,
 Or rather blend ! Here also you may sigh to
 Scenes of distress—I wonder all don't think
 Of Juan's excellency just as I do !
 This, doubtless, of all poems is the pink ;
 For our instruction does it not provide too ?
 Yet strange to tell, with all these grand pretensions,
 Some have condemn'd it,—as the poet mentions.

LXIV.

I must refer, however, to the place,
 Although this method may be rather tedious ;
 But we shall quicken, by and by, our pace,
 Besides, omission would appear invidious :
 And here our Author's lamentable case,
 As he describes it, will to tears oblige us :
 “ Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
 To pass, than those two cantos into families.”

LXV.

How strange is this ! what incivility !
 Ah ! where is judgment gone, and public taste,
 What apprehension could there justly be
 From the perusal of a tale so chaste ?
 Or did suspicion wake, because that he
 With his great name its title has not grac'd ?
 However 'twas, I think the Bard had ample
 Reason to print no more than that “ short sample.”

LXVI.

Let no one be surpris'd at my expressing
 Concern at such neglect of "parts and merit,"—
 And yet I wonder too, that he, possessing
 Such claims to praise, and such a dauntless spirit,
 Should from the public whom he is addressing
 Conceal his name, as if asham'd to wear it.
 Had he surnam'd and own'd the bright production,
 'Twould have prevented much unkind construction.

LXVII.

In justice to himself, he should have done so,
 Claiming that homage all desire to pay : [so,
 'Twere strange indeed if fame could have been won
 Its claimant hidden from the face of day :
 And (oh ! for shame, that any should go on so)
 I cannot tell you half what people say :—
 And I should deem it wrong to give expression
 To all I hear about this odd suppression.

LXVIII.

In fact, our Bard has err'd in this omission :
 Although it was not likely to affect
 His fame as author of this composition,
 Whose real parentage we soon detect.
 Though so much like a foundling its condition,
 Its features mark its lineage :—with respect
 To such harsh treatment, I must say, however,
 I can't consider it laudable or clever.

LXIX.

You know, in Canto fifth we hear him tell us,
 " 'The love of offspring's Nature's general law :"
Hence Authors feel, we may conclude, as well as
 Inferior natures, the paternal glow.
I'm sorry that his heart should seem so callous,
 His mental offspring thus to disavow :
Nor can I guess why he withheld a name
To which it had so natural a claim.

LXX.

Child of the Muse ! thou orphan unprotected !
 Why was thy fate abandon'd thus to chance,
Like the young ostrich by its dam neglected,
 Whose bringing up depends on circumstance ?
When pirate printers claim'd thee, thus rejected,
 No arm was rais'd for thy deliverance :
But more consideration had been shown thee,
If that thy author had not blush'd to own thee.

LXXI.

This by the way—I only hint what should,
 At least, in my opinion, have been done,
Though after all, no doubt his lordship could
 Assign such reasons why he chose to shun
So much publicity, as fully would
 Explain his motives ; and I do, for one,
Upon reflection, acquiesce, because,
I'm sure there must be a sufficient cause.

LXXII.

Perhaps he's not a "follower of fame ;"

On this my readers' minds, no doubt, will vary :
Perhaps he modestly conceal'd his name,

As being of public admiration weary :
Perhaps—but no, I'm wrong, he does disclaim,

I now remember, the "*Nil admirari* ;"
And asks us, "if mankind had not admired,
Would Pope have sung or Horace been inspired ?"

LXIII.

Or, having travell'd in the east of late,
Perhaps he thus conceals himself with care,
But as a piece of oriental state ;

Adopting the imperial custom there.
Or, as the Delphic Nymph the will of Fate
Spoke—so would he his oracles declare,
With but the Priestess Muse to intervene,
While he, like Phœbus, claims to be unseen.

LXIV.

It could not be that like the dark assassin
Of private character and public virtue,
He wish'd to wear a mask that he might pass in
Disguise, in case that he should chance to hurt you ?
No, no—if he has laid the lash on, 'twas in
His own defence, and also to divert you :
And sure to use a little wholesome satire,
Is much less censurable than to flatter.

LXXV.

'Tis granted that the poem is anonymous,
 But that don't always prove a bad intention :
 By no means would I seem to throw blame on him, as
 'Twas prudently contriv'd, as might have been shown.
 Of this I'm so convinced that I shall own him as
 A fit example—this in time I mention :
 For—though I'm nobody—like him I mean,
 When I print this, to keep behind the scene.

LXXVI.

So much in answer to the charge of slander,
 If any should be bold enough to make it :
 For public virtue, you must understand here,
 He could have no desire at all to shake it.
 How far from truth conjectures sometimes wander,
 And as to motive,—how we may mistake it !—
 For if he found his “ Pegasus not shod ill,”
 He meant his tale to be “ a moral model !”^{aa}

LXXVII.

I've not much more to say, as it regards
 This point; I once before have given you my sense :
 He has, 'tis obvious, like most other bards,
 Of virtue and morality a high sense ;
 If modesty he now and then discards,
 “This liberty is a poetic license :”—
 The chastest Muse will sometimes have her way,
 And where she'll lead to then, 'tis hard to say.

LXXVII.

If, notwithstanding, people will assert
This license has a dangerous tendency,
And that 'twill very likely do much hurt
To those who read his verses carelessly ;—
To such I answer (not to controvert
The assertion just at present) I'll agree
That, if you please, the poem shall be torn in
Pieces, unless I show he gives due warning.

LXXIX.

But this I'll quickly do ; so if you put
The worst construction—though 'tis hardly fair—
On certain passages, why do so ; but
I hope you'll keep in mind that he takes care
To caution, by directing you to “ shut
The book that treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful :
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.”

LXXX.

You'll own that this is fair, and as it should be,
To warn us previously of his intention ;
Though such a caution in most cases would be,
The way to awaken a more strict attention :
And if you're puzzled to know how it would be,
That he should have employ'd his fine invention
In framing what should such a caution need,
And what he knows is “ dangerous to read ;”

LXXXI.

Your wonder shall be but of short duration,
 Since that intelligence I can supply,
 In reference to this tale's publication ;—
 Not that I've yet had opportunity
 To know, by personal communication
 With my illustrious friend, the reason why ;
 But what I say is merely the result
 Of reading that which you may all consult ;—

LXXXII.

I mean the tale itself. It may seem needless
 To lay before you what's derived from thence :
 But many readers are so rash and heedless—
 It is for *their* sakes I pen this defence :
 I really wish they'd think more, should they read less,
 And not resign their judgment and their sense ;
 But as the case is, it may be of use
 To mention something in the Bard's excuse.

LXXXIII.

'Tis not required that I say much : however,
 One or two reasons I shall now assign
 To clear him from all calumny whatever,
 And show how innocent was his design :
 In doing this it will be my endeavour,
 As far as practicable, to combine
 Briefness and perspicuity together ;
 And if I can in his own words, I'd rather. .

LXXXIV.

“Man’s a strange animal and make’s strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to shew his parts :
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different marts :”^{bb}
And if “true genius” finds its “pockets emptied,”
What will it leave, to fill them, unattempted ?

LXXXV.

You doubtless now begin to understand,
This was *his* “mode of raising a supply ;”
“In liquid lines mellifuously bland,”
He wish’d to charm and soothe and gratify
The passions of his “gentle readers, and
Still gentler purchasers :” you may guess why—
He having “spent both interest and principal
Of life, and found his soul no more invincible.”

LXXXVI.

I give it you in his own language, which is
In such a case, I think, the fairest way :
And here I also may remark, that riches
Have seldom recompensed the poet’s lay ;
For most of these who occupy the niches
In Glory’s temple, suffered in their day
The frowns of Fortune, whose delight we see it is
To oppress the favourites of other deities.

LXXXVII.

I therefore would most earnestly advise
My gifted friends, who know that human nature
Requires the good which Fortune's hand supplies,
With due regard, in time to come, to treat her.
I also must applaud his lordship's wise
And prudent plan, thus to propitiate her
Favour; and that while writing "epic" verse,
He had in view the improvement of his purse.^c

LXXXVIII.

There may be one more reason, which makes two—
His stoicism. You know he's a Philosopher
As well as a Poet: calmly could he view
The sinking ship, and jest about the loss of her:
And when that boatful of the famish'd crew
Devour Pedrillo's flesh and blood, and toss over
The entrails and the brains into the sea,
Compassion yields to jocularity.

LXXXIX.

Such feelings by Philosophy subdued,
Relieve one from the irksome tax of pity.
Our bard quotes Dante also, to allude
In his own way, so horrible, yet witty,
To Ugolino, who devoured for food
His enemy's head, and makes a very pretty
Excuse for those who, when provision ends
At sea, are forced to "dine upon their friends."

XC.

He also talks about the master's mate
In the same vein of pleasantry and sport;
Who had, it seems, been indisposed of late,
From certain causes of a nameless sort;
Which saved him from Pedrillo's dreadful fate.^{dd}
These are in truth diverting things—in short,
“To feel for none, is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.”^{ee}

XCI.

'Twas therefore quite in character that he
Should feel no very violent concern
For consequences, if the thing could be
So managed as to serve a useful turn.
The use of money every one can see;
The way to get it few are slow to learn:
Yet who, alas, can Pleasure's witchcraft shun,
Since “flesh is frail, and so the soul undone!”

XCII.

“Ah vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways,
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze!
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape.”^{ff}
Why, since 'tis thine so fatally to please,
Do bards display thy most alluring shape?
Do they suppose our “Nature's good old college”
Too slow in teaching us illicit knowledge?

XCIII.

Yet, right or wrong, a worthy end's in view,
 And that will doubtless sanctify the means :
 The public may be sufferers, 'tis true ;
 But what's *their* loss when balanced with *his* gains?
 Remember what advantages accrue,
 To recompense our Bard's poetic pains ;
 Who for a " good old gentlemanly vice,"
 Has lately " taken up with avarice." " "

XCIV.

I said that he's a stoic, but I must
 Beg you will not mistake me—recollect,
 I don't say that his principles are just
 Exactly those of Zeno's ancient sect :
They did not think that man is wholly dust,
 Nor that his god is Pleasure—with respect
 To Intellect, they did not think it's " use
 Depends so much upon the gastric juice."

XCV.

In this he more agrees with " Epicurus,
 And Aristippus, a material crew,"^{hh}
 Who to immoral courses would allure us
 By theories quite practicable too ;
 If only from the devil they would *ensure us*,
 How pleasant were the maxim, (not quite new),
 Eat drink, and love, what can the rest avail us ?
 So said the royal sage, Sardanapalus."ⁱⁱ

XCVI.

Our bard adopts, in order to re-teach

This good old max m—but I quote again :

“ When o’er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,

That spring-dew of the spiri , the heart’s rain !

Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach

Who please—the more, because they preach in
(With this quotation I must go no further ; [vain : ”^{kk}
Or certain people soon would cry out “ Murther ! ”) ”

XCVII.

Thus sings he : but although he has a mind

To send us to the lewd and drunken revel,

Being rational creatures, yet I do not find

That he provides insurance from the devil :

’Tis true that he appears, at times, inclined

Against our immortality to cavil,

Expecting when this transient life is o’er,

To be the nothing that he was before.

XCVIII.

’Tis true, he also tells us he has got

“ A panoramic view of hell in training ;—

In Virgil’s style and Homer’s,”—is it not ?

A fabulous style ? that seems to be his meaning :

The scripture doctrine of our future lot,

He ridicules—without, however, deigning

To adduce for its disproof a single reason—

But “ reason thinks all reasoning out of season.”

XCIX.

Yet after all, the indulgence is not plenary,
 Nor the security from hell complete :
 'Tis not by " mythological machinery"
 That faith or fear can suffer a defeat ;
 And the most " handsome supernatural scenery"
 Will never prove that Conscience is a cheat :
 Why, even our author speaks of " the Great Whole
 Who hath produced and will receive the soul."'''

C.

And then, he seems himself quite undecided
 On the main point: the soul's immortal nature
 He oftener has asserted than denied it ;"
 Nor faith nor doubt has grown to its full stature :
 So much, in fact, his mind appears divided
 'Twixt infidel and christian nomenclature,
 That, when I think on't, I can hardly keep
 From—but there's equal cause to laugh and weep.

CI.

I'm really guilty of a smile, when I
 Behold him gazing on his friend's dead body,
 His optical acuteness thus to try ;
 And there expecting, like a simple noddý,"
 The mind in its departure to espy !
 Could you suppose, that in a way so odd, he
 Should ever think to "wrench aught out of death
 Which might confirm, or shake, or make a faith."

CII.

“ But it was all a mystery :—here we are,
 And there we go :—but *where* ? Five bits of lead,
 Or three, or two, or one, send very far !
 And is this blood, then, form'd but to be shed ?
 Can every element our elements mar,
 And air, earth, water, fire, live, and we dead ? [tion
We whose minds comprehend all things ? ” ^{PP} ’Tis a ques-
 Of vast importance ; that, indeed, we must own. .

CIII.

I certainly admire its depth and wisdom ;
 But yet I can’t see why a ghost was wanted,
 To give our Bard an answer—though it pleased him
 So modestly to wish that aid were granted.
 That fit of curiosity which seized him,
 By no means would I have burlesqued, or taunted ;
 For though, at first, I could not choose but smile,
 In truth, I’m really serious all the while.

CIV.

Because, when I consider how unpleasant
 A state of doubt is, I lament to see
 Our author’s bright muse, like the wounded pheasant,
 Struggling in dust and darkness ; and that he
 Seems rack’d with mental agonies incessant,
 A helmless voyager tow’rds eternity :
 I grieve, I say, to see him thus the prey
 Of torturing doubts, which grant no holiday.

CV.

“ The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those who walk in darkness ;”⁹⁹ for although
Wealth, fame, and pleasure, may by turns invite,
Their charms soon fade, and we too surely know
By sad experience, each dear-bought delight
Serves but to aggravate succeeding woe ;
Just like the momentary flash, whose glare
Deepens the gloom, and darker leaves the air.

CVI.

Why is it thus, in this our world of sin ?
Is this despair man’s folly ? or his fate ?
Doth Providence foredoom, ere life begin,
A joyless, vain, uncertain, anxious state ?
Ah, no !—let Conscience answer from within :
Her still, small whisper, not the enormous weight
Of daring doubts, piled up to menace heaven,
Can silence—such the power to Conscience given.

CVII.

She vindicates the Maker, and decides
In spite of pride, self-love, and unbelief,
That Heaven for human happiness provides ;
But wayward man rejects the kind relief,
And, blindly wandering on, where Passion guides,
Pursues what soon or late must end in grief :
She checks the guilty in their headlong speed,
And shows the gulf to which their courses lead.

CVIII.

Thus when the self-will'd boy, dislike conceiving
 To counsel and restraint, forsakes his home ;
 O'er the Paternal threshold which he's leaving,
 Why does he pause !—as if to overcome
 Ill-timed reflections on the pain he's giving,
 And most intrusive thoughts about the doom
 Of such as, slighting those who being gave,
 Bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

CIX.

And why, when sparkles the enchanting cup
 Of pleasure in the libertine's right hand,—
 Amid the festive train, the joyous group
 Of youth, love, beauty, all that might command
 Unfeign'd delight—mourns he his baffled hope ?
 And whence that heart-sick dread—as if he scann'd
 Those words of fear inscribed upon the wall,
 Which shook Belshazzar in his kingly hall ?

CX.

It is the pang of Conscience, deep and keen ;
 It is the voice of Nature, rendering vain
 Each wrong expedient : through each changing scene
 “ Still clings around invisibly a chain
 Which galls for ever ; fettering, though unseen,
 And heavy, though it clank not ”—’twill remain,
 Pressing the spirit downward, till it seeks
 That peace which Mercy to the contrite speaks.

CXI.

The fact's the same, whatever bards have penn'd,
 Whose wit sometimes their judgment hath outrun:
 That Conscience is God's umpire, some contend,—
 A god, a guardian angel—'tis all one:
 While some traduce her as a juggling fiend,
 Who cries "I warn'd thee," when the deed is *done*.
 She spoke *before* ;—but when our passions struggle
 Against conviction, that's the real juggle.

CXII.

Man's spirit may sustain his outward care
 Without repining—so the wise man saith:
 But, could you view the oppressor's breast laid bare,
 You'd shudder at the hell that lurks beneath.
 O Guilt! thy scorpion lashes who can bear?
 Thou art the bane of life and sting of death:
 Constrain'd by thee a sigh ev'n scorners heave,
 And atheists tremble while they disbelieve!

CXIII.

But might we not imagine that the man
 Who doth his immortality deny,
 Though dark and comfortless through life's short span,
 Would yet, at least, unscared by terror die?
 Behold him, on his death-bed, wild and wan;
 How his heart gives his former creed the lie!
 Voltaire! couldst thou—thou mighty master spirit,
 Look undismay'd on death, when drawing near it?"

CXIV.

No : thy Philosophy gave way, when most
Its aid was needed : and thy latest hour
Hath taught a lesson which will not be lost ;
A lesson that shall neutralize the power
Of thy vain sophistry, and shame the host
Of those that war with virtue. Virtue's dower,
At least, is rich in hope and present peace,
If even existence with pulsation cease.

CXV.

But what if those foreboding terrors should
Be too well-founded, as perhaps they may ?
And what, if Conscience, now so oft withstood,
Arraign the impious at some future day ?
What if the pangs o'er which the guilty brood,
Should not be of the pangs which pass away ?
Well—if 'twere but an even chance, I'd try
To live so that I should not fear to die !

CXVI.

I think, though, that the chance is hardly even,
But rather leans to the affirmative side ;
I think those moral sentiments engraven
On human hearts, are no unfaithful guide.
Would HE, the All-righteous and All-wise, have giv'n
A rational nature, that at last the void
Of non-existence might defraud the just
Of that reward which is their hope and trust ;

CXVII.

And prove a shelter to the harden'd wretch,
Who triumphs here in his impunity?
What boldness dares the Godhead thus impeach;
Or charge him with bestowing what would be
Far worse than useless? Ne'er could Reason teach
A sentiment so monstrous, as that he
Knows not, or cares not, how his creatures act,
Or that he is the friend of vice, in fact.

CXVIII.

Impartial Justice, 'tis presumed, would make
A mark'd, an obvious difference between
The good and evil:—him who for the sake
Of mean self-interest, power, or pride, hath been
A trampler on his kind, allowed to shake
An iron sceptre for a while o'er men;
And him who spends his life in doing good,
Or, in his country's cause hath spilt his blood.

CXIX.

The virtuous have even here, as I must own,
The advantage on their side; a bosom treasure,
And sources of enjoyment all unknown
To vicious men—a true and constant pleasure.
And there are ills incurr'd by Vice alone,
Which on its votaries make a frequent seizure;
So that a kind of retribution we,
To some extent, may even in this life see:—

CXX.

Enough to prove, at least, that there is ONE
Who rules in righteousness the world he made.
But still, though justice is in part begun,
As yet, 'tis but imperfectly display'd :
The proud, the guilty, oft contrive to shun
The lingering vengeance, and at last are laid
In soft repose upon the lap of earth,
To mingle dust with all that's left of worth.

CXXI.

Hence we conclude—as probable, at least—
A future state ; in which the unbodied mind
Shall still be conscious, when life's cares have ceas'd
To engage, or interest ; and in which mankind
Shall view their present conduct with increas'd
Dissatisfaction or delight, and find
The deeds they here have acted, ill or well,
Such as “ eternity cannot annul.”

CXXII.

A state in which the plan on earth begun
By HIM who governs this terrestrial ball,
With added lustre shall be carried on,
To its completion—when at Heaven's high call,
Mankind shall stand before the Almighty's throne,
And all confess that God is just in all :
The guilty shrinking from their Judge's frown,
While Virtue claims her meed—the victor's crown.

CXXIII.

Well—I will dream it is so : if to yield
 Assent where reason sways us, is to dream—
 If Nature's first and strongest wish be held
 Vain and delusive—if we are to deem
 Analogy no guide^u—if truth conceal'd
 For ever from us, must like falsehood seem,
 While falsehood seems like truth—why then let me
 Still dream, at least, of immortality.

CXXIV.

For me, 'tis not enough to know, I am;
 But once in being, I would always be :
 Nor I alone, the general wish the same—
 All feel that thirst for immortality,
 Which our *illuminati*, though they blame,
 Cannot remove :—Man clings to being; he [us]
 Shrinks from the thought (when cunning would betray
 Of quench'd existence and returning chaos.

CXXV.

This glorious instinct, thus bestow'd on man—
 What can remove it! what our hopes invert ?
 Most surely, nought but downright madness can :
 The madness of the head, or of the heart—
 Both dreadful, but the last more monstrous than
 The gloom of him whom reason doth desert.—
 He only, who by guilt hath brought despair,
 Hopes for the grave, to sleep for ever there.

CXXVI.

And in this instinct do we not discern
An index that points out a future life ?
Or may we not, as in a preface, learn,
That in the volume of existence, rife
With many a page, o'er which we now must mourn,
Those yet unopen'd will remove our grief,
And satisfy our hopes ?—If such hopes die,
Nature deceives us—Man was made a lie."

CXXVII.

" But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go ; but where ?"—I cannot tell.
And yet the visible present hath its share
Of what is quite incomprehensible :
'Tis the dim dawn of knowledge, and 'tis rare
That Mystery more than half withdraws her veil
From any subject :—Matter, on the whole,
Is hardly less mysterious than the soul.

CXXVIII.

The soul even while—embodied—she produces
Such visible effects, is never seen ;
For immaterial substance aye refuses
The contact of gross, earthly eyes, I ween :
In this respect, she can't do as she chooses,
But must be subject, as she e'er hath been,
To the original, unchang'd decree
Of HIM who made her—limited, through free.

CXXIX.

'Twas therefore not much more to be expected,
 That when the spirit leaves this house of clay,
 She should be capable of being inspected,
 Or render'd visible by the solar ray !
 And, really, if his lordship had detected
 Its flight, when his friend's corpse before him lay,
 'Twould seem, without my being the least satirical,
 More than ought else that could occur—a miracle.

CXXX.

Will nothing, short of an impossibility,
 Give satisfaction to the doubting mind ?
 Perhaps it shows good breeding and gentility,
 When people are to scepticism inclin'd ;
 But sure I am, there can't be much humility,
 And still less reason, in that foolish kind
 Of false Philosophy, which " turns aside
 To blackest shade, nor will endure a guide." "w

CXXXI.

Survey those massy, mouldering, moss-grown walls,
 Yon crumbling arch, and broken battlement :
 The wild wind whistles thro' those once throng'd halls,
 And Ruin frowns, and Time his rage hath spent :
 The fabric trembles, but not yet it falls,
 Such strength unto the structure Art hath lent ;
 But who have dwelt within it, since the day
 Its towers uprose, and walls were finish'd ? say !

CXXXII.

No matter,—they have pass'd away, long since,
The dust hath all, ere now, to dust return'd,
Of fifty generations. Yet, from hence,
Instruction may be gain'd and wisdom learn'd.
The mind—the skill which works like these evince,
Can it be clay, or with cold clay inurn'd?
Can they, for whom these lasting walls were rear'd,
Have ceas'd to be, because they've disappear'd?

CXXXIII.

It is not so; for though we pass away,
We do but pass : at least, I challenge you
Who teach, there is no future state—who say,
Man is all mortal—prove your doctrine true !
But this you plainly are not able—nay,
'Tis what ye do not even pretend to do :
With you all's doubt and darkness : then for shame,
Why should you wish that others felt the same ?

CXXXIV.

Our life's a journey, when the goal we reach,
We disappear, and leave mere dust behind :
But Reason and Religion jointly teach
The glorious durability of Mind ;
Unfolding to the enraptur'd view of each
Who greatly thinks, a prospect unconfined
By time or space, extending far away,
Into the regions of eternal day.

CXXXV.

'Tis hard to say whence sprung the supposition,
 That death annihilates our noblest part ;
 Or what gave rise to such a dire suspicion,
 As doubly sharpens Death's terrific dart :
 One cause, perhaps, there may be—in addition
 To the desperate *wish* of a corrupted heart—
 Reason being weak, and sense and fancy strong
 In human nature, these oft lead us wrong.

CXXXVI.

The elements which with our frame are waging
 Continual war, soon bring us to the tomb ;
 And since we then no longer can engage in
 Aught earthly, nor the soul the eye illumine ;
 That it exists no longer, some imagine ;
 But why should such extinction be its doom ?
 The *body* still remains ;—its separation
 From soul involves not *its* annihilation !

CXXXVII.

And though the unbodied mind have no connexion,
 Through these dull organs, with material things ;
 Must she lose too her power of recollection,
 And all the knowledge that experience brings ?
 Why may she not still exercise reflection,
 And mount aloft on Contemplation's wings ?
 Or would it seem so marvellous and strange,
 If she should even survive that mortal change ?

CXXXVIII.

Why, yes—it would be—just about as strange as
What oft befalls her in her present lot :
She hath survived already, many changes
Of her frail partner ; these affect her not.
In dreams, how free and unconfined she ranges,
Her low companionship with clay forgot !
Matter was made for spirit, body meant
For the soul's use—her humble tenement.

CXXXIX.

Yet even the body glorified shall stand,
For the soul's sake, refined and raised at last ;
Though now of constant change the subject, and
With perishable things it must be class'd,
Speeding to death :—yet when that fatal strand
We touch, and thence look back on all the past,
The invisible spirit still remains the same,
In spite of change, and this decaying frame.^{xx}

CXL.

[thought,

I've mention'd dreams : from these 'tis clear, that
And consciousness, and fancy's operation,
May be continued, when the mind hath nought
To do with things external by sensation ;
When sleep a new and wondrous world hath brought
Of separate life, through which imagination
With eagle pinion strays, and spurns all bound,
Exulting such enlargement to have found.

CXLI.

And thus was sleep ordained by the Creator,
A presage of our destiny to be ;|
While dreams bespeak a spiritual nature,
“ And look like heralds of eternity : ” ”
They show that death will not annihilate her,
But merely from life's bondage set her free :
The deathless spirit—who released from earth,
Shall then assert her high, celestial birth.

CXLII.

Hail ! everlasting spirit—breath divine
Of the Almighty !—Heaven's bright offspring, hail !
When sun, and moon, and stars shall cease to shine,
And earth, and air, and ocean's waters fail,
Thou still shalt be—immortal vigour thine !—
Their history shall be unto thee a tale
Of times so distant, ages so long past,
Thou wouldst forget them, could thy knowledge waste.

CXLIII.

Hail ! thou bright effluence of the Eternal Mind !
Made in his image, form'd for his delight ;
Ordain'd to triumph in the unconfined
And blissful presence of the Infinite !—
Yes, thou shalt live, shall really live !—and find
Age, sickness, sorrow, pain, death, vanish'd quite—
Unless thou now thy proffer'd good refusest,
And earthly pleasure for thy portion choosest.

CXLIV.

How lovely and how lasting are the forms
Which thy imagination can give birth to !
To distant ages they preserve their charms,
And shall continue while the heavens and earth do !
But that which *time* with such importance arms,
That I know nothing to compare its worth to,
Is, that our deeds in their effects shall live
For ever, and their endless meed receive.

CXLV.

Men's vices injure not themselves alone ;
The fatal leaven spreads on every side ;
And sad examples have too often shown
The ill effects of talents misapplied.
Knowledge is power, they say, and 'tis well known,
That power hath often play'd the homicide :
And he whose glory is on mischief built
Proclaims but more extensively his guilt.

CXLVI.

Men aim at happiness—and often miss it ;
They aim at glory, but succeed no better :
As for the latter, I would ask, what is it ?
I fain would learn its value and its nature.
Tell me, ye sages, heroes, bards—is this it ?
Or can ye show a glory that is greater ?
That honour which to virtuous deeds is given—
The praise of good men, and the applause of heaven.

CXLVII.

The Power to whom our life and all we owe,
In condescension hath prescribed the course
Which man should follow, through this world of woe,
Until the soul rejoins her heavenly Source ;
And he who makes Heaven's will his guide below
Need fear no adverse fraud, no hostile force
To mar his interest, but shall ever find
Virtue, enjoyment, glory, all combined.

CXLVIII.

And dost thou pant for immortality ?
Beware its counterfeit ! nor be content
With what is but its shadow, when to thee
That which is real Heaven doth now present :
If truly bless'd and honour'd thou wouldst be,
Fulfil the end for which thy powers were lent ;
Befriend thy species ; serve mankind ; employ
Thy talents to improve, and not destroy.

CLIX.

" Of Poets that come down to us through distance
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence,
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name."
O ! why should Vice from these derive assistance,
Or light her torch up at the vestal flame
That o'er the Muse's sacred altar burns,
While her apostate sons the goddess mourns !

CL.

While Nature lasts their lasting fame shall flourish,
 And triumph over time and dull decay ;
 When Nature perishes their fame shall perish ;
 But not the effects of their seductive lay :
 The wasting passions which it serves to cherish
 The future shall in their full growth display :
 And oh ! Eternity ! thy shoreless ocean
 We view with fearful and sublime emotion !

CLL.

“ Pleasure (whene’er she sings at least)’s a siren,
 That lures to flay alive the young beginner :”
 Such is the striking language of Lord Byron, [here.
 Whom I’ve, by name, thought proper to bring in
 Yet, with her shape and voice, he tunes his lyre on
 Her charms with such sweet pathos, all would win her :
 But Homer nods, and I may therefore doubt,
 If Byron well knew what he was about.

CLII.

At least, I can’t applaud his inconsistency,
 To plead so well the cruel siren’s cause !
 But *apropos* ;—the sage when at a distance he
 Approach’d the sirens’ dwelling, wisely chose,
 To run no risk, being warn’d that whoso listens, he,
 Powerless, could not escape the monster’s jaws.
 “ Pleasure’s a siren ! ”—act then like Ulysses ;
 The surest way to escape destruction this is,

CLIII.

Alas ! when men discover—but too late—
 Their fatal folly ; great beyond comparing ;
 And feel the consequences which await
 Those who the livery of sin are wearing !
 How great their misery ! yet at what a rate
 Men are deluded still by those who daring
 The foremost rank in guilt, like *him* are lost,
 Whose fall drew down the third part of heaven's host."

CLIV.

What is the Poet's fame then ?—his, I mean,
 Whoe'er he may be, by whose charm the broad
 And beaten way that leads to hell hath been
 Profusely with fresh flowers and flowrets strow'd ;
 Whose bosom vents its overflowing spleen,
 By scattering firebrands, plagues, and death abroad,
 And whose expressions, sentiments, and wishes,
 Reproach his Maker, and affront his species ?

CLV.

Why, it is not unlike the fame of those
 Who gain'd the pinnacle of high renown
 By flight and conquest, and whose glory rose
 O'er ravaged provinces, and realms o'erthrown ;
 Bequeathing to mankind unnumbered woes :—
 Such enviable bliss in his, I own :
 " In each how guilt and greatness equal ran !
 What raised the (bard or) hero, sunk the man."

CLVI.

There's only one slight difference between
What these obtain as their respective shares ;
And here the advantage is the bard's, I ween.
War's desolation time at length repairs :
The bard inflicts more lasting ill, 'tis seen ;
And hence his glory spreads with lengthening years.
“ Consult the whole of that enormous fame ;
A TALE—that blends his glory with his shame.”

CLVII.

You won't condemn an extract, when one copies
A striking hint in morals or theology—
The last quotation from the works of Pope is ;
Thus endeth Canto first of my Apology :
And here I may observe, my humble hope is,
That my remarks, my plan, and phraseology
(Forgive so great presumption) you'll find such
As shall not move you to displeasure *much*.

CLVIII.

Should this be my good luck, I'll write some more
On the same theme, when 'tis my Muse's pleasure ;
But, tired of her long flight, she must give o'er,
As she's almost exhausted, you may be sure :
I wonder that she did not droop before :
She now must be allowed a little leisure ;
And so I'll only add, that what I've writ,
I leave with you—to read, if you think fit.

CANTO II.

I.

HAIL! chief of Bards, immortal Byron, hail!

Thy praise I sing, whose fame all praise exceeds;
On such a theme, ah! what can words avail?

An abler pen than mine the subject needs.
Yet, what I can, accept. While others rail,

Or frown, or storm, as inclination leads;
'Tis thus my humble Muse would celebrate thee,
And from reproach and slander vindicate thee.

II.

O ingrate world! is scandal the reward

A writer who would please you must expect?
Is't thus you treat a meritorious Bard;

And all his claims to gratitude reject?
Assist me, Muse! to praise a patriot lord;

To challenge, in his name, mankind's respect
O make them understand me, while I show 'em
A little more, the merits of his poem.

III.

O! that I were Longinus—or at least,
 Dryden—or Pope—or Addison—or Johnson!
 I'd give my gentle readers such a feast
 Of criticism, as they would not wish done soon;
 But I'm, alas! "a wooden spoon" at best,
 And not like ye whom surly Jacob Tonson,*
 The poet's friend—if I remember right—
 Immortalized in lasting black and white.

IV.

Ah! what were bards or critics, without thine
 Essential aid, O muse-befriending Press!
 Rude, naked, graceless, till thy hand divine
 Provides a handsome and becoming dress.
 Thanks and good wishes, then, the grateful Nine
 To thee accord, since, what can they do less?
 The mighty goose-quill's nought, compared to thee
 Who spread'st the Muses' fame o'er land and sea.

V.

'Tis true, our shameless, modern grub-street race
 (Compared with whom a Lintot and a Curle
 Deserve respect)^b involve in deep disgrace
 Thy sacred cause—on them the Muse would hurl
 Her heaviest censures; but she can't abase
 Them lower than they are—let *them* unfurl
 The record of their shame, and not even falter,
 While showing how well they deserve the halter

VI.

But I'm digressing—what have I to do
 With those abandoned ruffian vaticides ;^c
 Those worse than Cornish plunderers, who pursue
 The'r dire intent where greedy instinct guides ?
 From them the Muse, disgusted, turns to view
 The glories of the Press, and justly prides
 Herself in publicly her sense recording,
 Of that immense advantage 'tis affording.

VII.

O ! that I were Longinus—but I am not,
 Nor Pope, nor Addison, nor Johnson : I
 (Although, observe, my destiny I blame not)
 With these, in truth, cannot pretend to vie ;
 Much less with modern critics—whom I name not,
 Lest I call forth too modest a reply : [ing,
 Their names, I'm sure, they would not have *me* spell-
 Humility's a grace they so excel in !

VIII.

Their works are fine—I've very often scann'd 'em,
 And found there just what I at present want ;
 Canons of criticism—you understand 'em ?
 These, as I'm able, I intend to plant
 Against the foe, and fire—perhaps at random :
 For of my skill I should not care to vaunt,
 Lest you suppose me proud, or vain : however,
 I'll do my very best to be thought clever.

IX.

That is to say, I'll do the best I can,
In his behalf, whose work I am reviewing :
Then give me your attention, while the plan
Which I've adopted I am still pursuing.
I've found so much to say since I began,
That it demands a second Canto, shewing
The grateful debt society is under
To him who—would break all its ties asunder.

X.

Though like the "fabled Hebrew wanderer," he,
All restless, hath retired to climes remote ;
Yet neither time, nor distance, nor the sea
That yawns between, can from his memory blot
"The inviolate island of the sage and free :"
Still labours he our welfare to promote,
By perseverance in the scribbling trade ;
For thus no doubt a good deal may be made.

XI.

England's the mart where this great poet finds
His works go off most easily, and hence
Though, without doubt, a friend of all mankind's,
Yet would he most especially dispense
Instruction and delight to *British* minds ;
Which ought, beyond all question, to convince
All persons of his very generous spirit,
And also of his patriotic merit.

XII.

While thus I honour his exalted worth,
You must admit, I act with strict propriety ;
As well as when I venture to set forth
The advantages resulting to society
From his late works, of which there is no dearth,
He having almost cramm'd us to satiety
With " samples of the finest orientalism,"
Mix'd with a kind of " Western sentimentalism."

XIII.

I therefore hope my gentle readers will
Approve my object, method, and design :
To please them I shall try with all my skill,
So, if I fail, the fault will not be mine.
I may not always be perspicuous,—still
I hope 'tis seldom you can not divine
The drift of my expressions, for I'm sure,
I should be sorry to be found obscure.

XIV.

'Tis true some friends of mine have told me, *gratis*,
That I've employ'd a *doubtful* phraseology.
They say, the Canto that I wrote of late is
Of all things most unlike to an Apology !
Because, in sooth, I've not allowed our Vates
To be all-blameless ! Why, I must acknowledge, I
Cannot admire his faults, though they're not many,
I wish I could say that I know not any.

XV.

Flattery I hate, although 'tis grown so common,
 For which, I think, I merit your applause.
 My sense and reason I'll resign for no man ;
 And this I mention as a saving clause :
 But yet, when I find fault,—with man or woman,
 'Tis in a kind and gentle way, because
 I hope to have the same indulgence, when
 There happens a slight slip of my own pen.

XVI.

" They accuse me,—*me*, the present writer of
 The present poem, of—I know not what—
 A tendency to underrate and scoff"
 At what his lordship lately has been at
 In his Don Juan ! Surely there's enough
 That I've to bear the blame of, without *that* !
 I'm true as this steel pen ; then wherefore merit
 So grave a charge as that of insincerity ?

XVII.

I hope that my good-temper won't forsake me,
 Although I ill can brook the above remark ;
 It can't be fair in people thus to make me
 Accountable for every thing's that dark.
 If anybody chooses to mistake me,
 I cannot help it ; but if there's a spark
 Of candour in his breast, he'll surely show it,
 By all due reverence to myself, a poet.

XVIII.

I would observe, however, 'tis not meant here,
To blame a proper, just, and prudent caution !
I don't at all approve of those who venture, [on :
Thro' right or wrong, with heedless steps to rush
I rather would apply the strongest censure,
When carelessness and levity are thus shown :
But what I meant was, that in my own case,
Your hesitation seems quite out of place.

XIX.

I know some writers are extremely wrong—
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it—
Who make the powers of eloquence and song
The means of spreading mischief without limit :
Though great their fame, and their example strong,
Even as the tide, yet by God's grace I'll stem it ;
In truth's impartial balances I'll try them,
Without being dazzled or deluded by them.

XX.

I know these writers labour to conceal
From unsuspecting eyes the latent danger—
That with consummate artifice they veil
Their tricks as doth the juggling money-changer,
And thus with fraud o'er innocence prevail :
“ For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger ; ”
And you need, therefore, entertain no fear
Of any sleight of hand to cheat you here.

XXI.

I've warn'd you all against dissimulation ;
Why should I then myself that charge incur ?
Would people exercise discrimination,
They would not wrongfully such blame transfer.
Sincerely, and without equivocation,
What I before have said, I now aver ;
That there are modern poets, in whose works,
Conceal'd by beauty's charm, destruction lurks,

XXII.

And like the asps in Cleopatra's basket,
Finds quick admission to the unguarded breast :
O that I could before all eyes unmask it,
Dispel the illusion, and the plague arrest !
Is it not hard then—let me once more ask it—
That I who falsehood do so much detest,
Should, in a way so strange and unexpected,
Now find my own integrity suspected.

XXIII.

Well, well—if I must suffer for the sins
Of others, be it so—but if I'd known,
Ere I began, how people would evince
Their paltry jealousies, I would have thrown
My pen and paper on the shelf—but since
'Tis come to this, I will not lay them down ;
But still proceed as hitherto I've done,
Until I finish what my zeal begun—

XXIV.

Began—or what you please : (I am not sure
 About the grammar—genius never teazes
 Itself about such trifles, being secure
 Of public approbation, which it seizes.
 The rules of syntax—be they more or fewer—
 The ten commandments, or whate’er he pleases,
 A poet may forget, as ’tis convenient.^{d)}
 Excuse these observations intervenient.

XXV.

But it is now high time we should proceed
 To where we have for some time past been tending—
 My client’s cause—by whom I am not fee’d,
 Though my assistance I have thus been lending :
 ’Tis from the “ purest motives ” that I plead.
 Now for the second Canto, comprehending
 Remarks upon the first five of Don Juan’s,
 And also on the three late publish’d new ones.

XXVI.

“ In every work regard the writer’s end : ”—
 So Pope says, and I think the precept just—
 “ Since none e’er compass more than they intend ; ”
 Which being the case you’ll keep in mind, I trust,
 What I have said to make you comprehend
 His lordship’s drift, nor let slight faults disgust :
 “ Whoever hopes a faultless work to see,
 Hopes what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.”

XXVII.

Slight faults in Byron then may well be spared,
Since his "intentions" are the very "best"—
"These form," as he observes, mankind's trump card,
To be produced when brought up to the test.
The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer, ward
Off each attack, when people are in quest
Of their designs, by saying, they meant well;
'Tis pity that such meanings should pave hell!"

XXVIII.

Permit me, therefore, to express a hope
That everybody will, in time to come,
Judge of our author's merits by his scope,
Design, and tendency, abstracted from
Each slip, gloss, blunder, simile, and trope.
And here I may observe, that I've known some
Who, when they view Don Juan in his glory,
Conceive the *bard* the *hero* of the story!

XXIX.

With this opinion I am quite at variance;
And yet, I must confess, I cannot tell
How, without some assistance from experience,
A bard could in description shine so well.
O with what ease his melting muse can bear you hence
To scenes whereon his fancy loves to dwell!
Yet still, I think, we cannot well regard
This poem as the adventures of the bard.

xxx.

We can't suppose it ; since he is no Spaniard,
 But a true Englishman, as is quite plain :
He never fought beneath the Imperial Standard,
 In Suvaroff's army, amid heaps of slain :
He could not have been one of the fierce vanguard'
 Who entered Ismail through that fiery rain :—
 And this denial may be strongly back'd,
 By proof—drawn from Chronology, in fact.*

xxxI.

'Tis true, his mother was a learned lady,
 And, like fair Inez, punctual and devout ;
 'Tis also true, that 'twixt her and his daddy,
 A quarrel rose—whate'er it was about :—
 A legal process was commenced ; and had he
 Lived longer, *he* would have been dish'd, no doubt ;
 “ But scarce a fee was paid on either side,
 When most unluckily (alas !) he died.

xxxII.

“ He died : and most unluckily, because,
 According to all hints I could collect
 From counsel learned in those kind of laws,
 . Although their talk's obscure and circumspect,
 His death contrived to spoil a charming cause ;
 A thousand pities also with respect
 To public feeling, which on this occasion
 Was manifested in a great sensation.”

XXXIII.

It is "an actual fact" that Byron was
Left very early without sire or brother ;
So much doth his resemble Juan's case,
"An only son left with an only mother."
"A strange coincidence!"—to use a phrase
As good, for aught I know, as any other :
And this coincidence, no doubt you'll find
To have been on his part *wholly undesign'd*.

XXXIV.

However bad this wicked world may be,
It cannot often furnish an example
Of so much heartless mean brutality,
As his who on the dead delights to trample !
However great our former enmity,
We war not with the dust—and reasons ample,
When such a charge is made, should fully prove it,
Before we judge a person guilty of it."

XXXV.

If this be proper as a general maxim,
'Tis doubly so when sentiments are rife,
Which throw such scandal on our Bard, and tax him
With a burlesque on her who gave him life.
And therefore every one that so attacks him
I challenge here to controversial strife :
For "scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest."

XXXVI.

And can you really think, that he could be so
Depraved as upon any ground to call
(The idea is absurd—it seems to me so)

“ His lady mother, mathematical,
A——never mind?”—Why, if he had been Esau,
Or Cain, or Ham, his retrospective gall
Could scarce have earn'd him greater obloquy,
Than so to satirize her memory.

XXXVII.

To further argument I might resort,
And clear the subject from remaining specks;
If we allow, for instance, that (in short)
Our Bard had been disgusted with the sex—
Allowing that he meant to plague them for't,
And for one's fault, we'll say, all others vex,
Yet that for this end he'd expose his mother,
Like Nero, is a thought I fain would smother.

XXXVIII.

I sha'n't trace Juan here in his adventures,
To prove the point for which I have contended :]
'Gainst the belief my Muse her protest enters,
That any real person was intended
In that description : bards as well as painters
May pick and choose; and when they've duly blended
The finest traits and colours of the real,
We're then presented with the “ beau ideal.”

XXXIX.

Yet still we may and must allow, that though
 Juan may be a character fictitious,
 The tale, *in substance*, for all that, is true :
 Of this we cannot fairly be suspicious :
 The author must himself too have gone through
 The like exploits—in fact, he seems ambitious
 To share his hero's fame, and spread the opinion,
 That in like manner, he himself hath been one.

XL.

“ O Pleasure, you're indeed a pleasant thing,
 Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt ;
 I make a resolution, every Spring,
 Of reformation ere the year run out :
 But, somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing.”^b
 Thus to convince you, I'm obliged to quote
 His lordship's own remark in this connexion,
 Which else might have escaped your recollection.

XLI.

In short, he leads you in a friendly way
 Through Pleasure's labyrinth, without betraying
 That awkwardness which might make people say,
 That there he never had before been straying ;
 And in her cause he writes so well, we may
 Conclude him versed in that he is displaying.
 Homer fought not at Troy, perhaps, yet still he had
 Seen camps, or he could ne'er have penn'd the Iliad.

XLII.

Our Bard condemns "the child of murder's rattles,"ⁱ
 To Venus partial rather than to Mars :
 History supplies him with such goods and chattels
 As lifts the hero's name up to the stars,^k
 And with her aid he writes of bloody battles ;
 His own experience, drawn from safer wars
 And easier conquests, gives "a slight substratum"
 Of truth, and "truth's the grand desideratum."

XLIII.

So much that's luscious, it might almost pall,
 He gives you, but I'm not inclined to quote it :
 Bowers, couches, toilets, and the—what d'ye call
 It—harem, or serai ?^l—with all about it,
 He paints, and tells you he has "seen it all :"
 And, certainly, 'twould be absurd to doubt it ;
 Since so minutely he describes each object,
 As shows him quite familiar with his subject.

XLIV.

But here I find we're wandering : did not we
 Propose just now, to show the good intentions
 That actuate our Bard ?—and—let me see—
 I think I also quoted what Pope mentions
 About a "writer's *end*." It seems to me—
 And so I think 'twill strike most apprehensions—
Design would have been better ; *end* seems ominous :
 To talk of *Byron's end* is unbecoming us.

XLV.

Because, although his hair is turning grey,
And his sere fancy fades, as he informs us,
The noon of life is not yet pass'd away,
And brightly blazing still, his genius warms us ;
Besides, admitting what some people say, [us
That much of that descriptive power which charms
Has wrongly been employed ; our hope would be
That he may live, and this perversion see.

XLVI.

There's nothing new, 'tis said, beneath the sun,
And that which once has happen'd, may again ;
Thus Rochester, before his course was run,
With penitence bewail'd each looser strain :
Boccacio, too, whose lay for him had won
The laurel, in his hoary age would fain
Have torn that garland from his brow—repenting^m
The wide-spread mischief Conscience was resenting.

XLVII.

Such penitence, perhaps, may be more general
'Mongst those who, with peculiar aggravation,
Have sinn'd in rhyme or poesy, than men are all
Aware of ; but the pride of reputation,
Contending with such sentiments, they then are all
Abortive, and instead of reformation,
The offending bard from wisdom turns aside,
Compell'd by deep, unconquerable pride.

XLVIII.

Besides, repentance sometimes comes too late,

When that's the case 'tis terrible indeed !

To evade that "income tax laid on by fate," [speed :

You cannot change your course with too much
For, but imagine what a dreadful state

Must there's be who in sinning will proceed,

Until a hopeless death-bed they expire on !

God grant this may not be the case with Byron !

XLIX.

Long may he live ! and O may heaven avert !—

But I again digress : then as to Juan—

I mean, the tale—we safely may assert,

It has *no end*, and ne'er perhaps may know one :^a

But what is its *design* ?—aye, let's exert

Our powers of criticism to find, and shew one :

Since this is what we chiefly should regard,

In weighing the pretensions of a bard.

L.

Well then, I think I've found at last a clue,

Which will perhaps assist in this enquiry :

This object we shall steadily pursue,

If that our Pegasus don't prove too fiery.

Now then, proceed we, without more ado—

In the mean time, I hope my rhymes won't tire ye :

For such a thought would very sadly pose

Your bard, and make him tumble down to prose.

LI.

And therefore, ere I say another word
Upon this subject, I'll relieve its tedium
By a short story of what once occur'd ;
Tales have their use when people duly heed 'em :
With writers they are much in vogue, I've heard,
And that the public with great pleasure read'em ;
I'll therefore be like all the rest ; then list ye,
While I relate a simple one like this t' ye.

LII.

Once on a time there lived—no matter where—
This point appears involved in some obscurity—
A youth whose early genius promised fair,
And gave the brightest prospects of futurity :
This by the bye, is neither here nor there,
My business chiefly being with his maturity ;
And yet, it seems, " he was an idle wight
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight."

LIII.

As he grew up he felt a wish to wander,
And so he sail'd to climes beyond the sea ;
Restless, dissatisfied, through many a land where
Nature appears in all her charms, roved he ;
And where the sad remains of ancient grandeur
Prove empires subject to mortality :
All these he view'd, and being a good deal wiser
Than other people, he turned moraliser.

LIV.

Like many others in our age and nation,
Who have the general benefit in view,
He travell'd with an eye to publication ;
And his reflections, though not wholly new,
Far from the track of common observation,
Were such as would be ventured on by few :
Much argument there was not in his reasoning,
But of absurdity the proper seasoning.

LV.

" He thought about himself, and the whole earth—
Of man, the wonderful," of mind and soul,
" And how the deuce they ever had their birth ; "
And if the grave will prove our final goal :
Of politics, religion, grief and mirth ;
The change time's billows make as on they roll :
On these and other topics, as occasion
Directed, he employ'd his contemplation.

LVI.

Permit me to point out, as a fine sample
Of his philosophy, the thoughts he had
While meditating in Minerva's temple,
Amidst those ruins, not with ivy clad. [all
'Twas chill and cold, Heaven knows, enough to damp
Our visions bright, and make each bosom sad.
What ! for our human race hath God designed
No other heaven than what on earth we find ?

LVII.

“Bound to the earth, man lifts his eye to heaven :
Is 't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being thou wouldst be again, and go
No matter where, if in the skies thy haven?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Vainly thy incense soars, thy victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt, whose hope is built on reeds.”

LVIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom might discern
Longings sublime, and aspirations high!
Is it not strange that people should concern
Their heads about a world beyond the sky?
By “boldly pondering,” he at times could spurn
All thought of a hereafter when we die.
But if you think *Philosophy* all this did:
I can't help thinking *Vanity* assisted.

LIX.

For when returned he gave the world the journal
Of his reflections, and it was in rhyme;
Wherein those words a Childe mote quickly learn all,
Which by our sires were used i' the olden time:
Yet in his lays the reader might discern all
The rare ingredients of the true sublime;
While ever and anon he would assume an
Air and behaviour almost superhuman.

LX.

All that of wealth imagination has,
He own'd ; the golden chalice held by him,
Fill'd from the fount of joy although it was,
Received some bitters too within its brim :
Then he'd philosophise again, " but as
He gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim ;"
So that in those who sought illumination
His book produc'd a deeper obscuracion.

LXI.

It is not my intention to record here
All his remarks ; it is enough to say,
They mostly were of a superior order,
Bespeaking great conceptions : what if they
On the romantic sometimes seem'd to border ?
That sort of rhapsody which they display,
Though it might seem nonsensical in prose,
Sounds well in verse, as everybody knows.

LXII.

Then, as the sun oft from behind a cloud [same :
Breaks forth in splendour, 'twas with him the
And in his praise the public voice was loud ;
His Pilgrimage had won for him a name :
Like Saul he stood, and overlook'd the crowd ;
And though his errors we may justly blame,
I much regret, when hearing his bold lay,
That such a genius should be thrown away.

LXIII.

His language seem'd even such as might have suited
A lost archangel ; you would have supposed
Him scarcely less, if he had not refuted
That sentiment by traits that stand opposed
To Godlike natures—by desires embruted,
And aims inglorious, here and there disclosed :
Satan would hence be wrong'd by such comparison,
Unless we took him in his reptile garrison.

LXIV.

I mean, the shape in which he tempted Eve,
And paved the way to universal evil ;
Though some, I know, pretend not to believe
That the fiend lurk'd there, they're so very civil.
For my own part, I certainly should grieve
In any way to scandalise the devil :
But yet I think he'd stoop, to serve his turn,
Since pride oft stoops, we see. Well, to return :

LXV.

This man, if that indeed he were a man— [tion ;"
"Not that his manhood could be called in ques-
A point I shall not here presume to scan ;
The semblance of a man he had at least on ;
But facts are facts ; and by the course he ran,
His claim unto that title will be best shown—
I say, that being return'd he stood before
One, whom he vow'd to love for evermore.

LXVI.

The lady loved him, and became his spouse ;
To him she gave her heart, her hand, her all :
Ah ! credulous she ! even while with her he bows
Before yon altar, and on Heaven doth call,
He's absent, though he, "spoke the fitting vows,"
Nor heard the words which from his own lips fall ;
And soon shalt thou, fair injured lady, prove
The deep distress of ill-requited love !

LXVII.

But let me quit a theme that grows too serious,
And over this dark picture draw the curtain :
The causes of domestic strife are various ;
And its effects but seldom prove diverting.
All human happiness is but precarious,
And nothing earthly can be reckon'd certain :
Take warning then, you whom it may concern,
And from this sad example wisdom learn.

LXVIII.

Yet "Brutus is an honourable man ;"
Thus much at least must certainly be granted :
His frailties therefore I'll no further scan,
On these I have sufficiently descanted :
Besides, this episode no longer can
Be here allow'd, my Muse's aid being wanted,
To carry n the general argument,
Before her strength of wing is wholly spent.

LXIX.

She has skimm'd along the surface of her theme,
And dipt into it sometimes, here and there ;
With now and then (what you perhaps esteem)
A very strange digression ; and I fear,
That if I thus go on to talk and dream,
Your patience I shall certainly impair :
But then I wish in all things to abide
By that example Byron has supplied.

LXX.

And here I also shall accuse myself :
(This virtue too his bright example teaches)
Not that the love of pleasure, or of pelf,
Resides in me ; but my ambition reaches
To hope that side by side, on the same shelf,
This work and his may rest. My Muse beseeches
(Although, for *my* part, I don't care one feather)
Juan and she may live and die together.

LXXI.

For, notwithstanding what her zeal hath done
Already for him, much remains in store ;
In fact the subject hardly is begun,
So don't suppose that she can say no more.
Our Bard's *design* will by and by be shown,
As I have told you several times before :
But this appears to me a knotty question,
Which may not prove so easy of digestion.

LXXII.

I therefore think we had better pause a little,
Without attempting further to engage
In what at present we can't fairly settle :
'Tis not for halting a convenient stage ;
But my poetic " thread " being somewhat brittle,
I break off in the middle of a page :
And, therefore, those remarks I so much want to
Produce, must be reserved for a third canto.

LXXIII.

We there shall do it with advantage ; for
(And this is, between you and me, the reason
Which makes me so abruptly here give o'er :)
A newspaper I just now chanced to seize on,
In which I learn, that several Cantos more
Of Juan are come out—perhaps I may soon
Give them a reading ; but, till that is done,
I cannot, for the muse of me, go on.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.

I.

“ ’Tis sweet,” so Byron hath affirm’d, “ to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria’s gondolier,
By distance mellow’d, o’er the waters sweep ;”
“ Old wine in bottles,” if not sweet, is dear ;
Good “ ale in barrels” pleasant, though not cheap ;
And, not being tied in the Teetotal tether,
I’ve no objection to a glass of either :—

II.

That is, of course, at any proper season ;
As when a friend doth call, or after dinner :
And this, I hope, will not be counted treason.
I always have despised the thirsty sinner,
Who makes himself a slave to his own weasand ;
And wish to caution every young beginner,
That if he goes beyond the second glass,
He’ll, very likely, make himself an ass.

III.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the sun's decline,
To see the stars come twinkling one by one
Through the blue sky, till countless myriads shine :
'Tis sweet to wander by the moon alone : [mine),
'Tis sweet to know we've friends (I'm proud of
To ask advice of *them* and take *our own* !
But sweeter far than all I've mention'd yet,
Is what one feels in getting out of debt !

IV.

And I'm a debtor—both to Greeks and Jews,
And Englishmen—the living and the dead.
So now for payment :—yet my wayward Muse
Will not be driv'n, but must be gently led ;
And after all, will her own method choose
In making honest payment, as I said,
Of what is due—in retributive rhymes,
To—Byron's memory and the present Times !

V.

When tidings of his death first reach'd her ear,
She stood aghast and silent ! Some things are
So stunning, they admit nor word, nor tear !
Yet sounds of grief were wafted from afar !
What voice of wailing did the breezes bear ?
Did nations mourn some sad reverse in war ?
Nay, but thy children, Greece, bewail'd the blow,
The fatal stroke which laid thy martyr low.

VI.

Byron, alas ! is dead, and Genius weeps !

Yet can it be, or is it but a dream ?

Say that her hold on me delusion keeps ;

Believe, my heart, that 'twas but fancy's gleam !

Ah ! 'tis in vain ; in darkness now he sleeps ;

“ The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream : ”

Upon our sight its lustre beams no more,

And Greece and Freedom its quench'd ray deplore.

VII.

The Bard who mourn'd o'er Greece in plaintive lays,

And Britain's ardour in her cause awoke ;

Who swiftly flew to aid her first essays,

From off her neck to fling the long-worn yoke ;

Recalling the renown of ancient days,

When Freedom's dawn above thymountains broke ;

Who gave thee purse, and heart, and hand, and all,

Hath perish'd, Greece, and thou hast mourn'd his fall.

VIII.

But shall not Britain mourn her mighty Bard ? [him ?

What though her wayward, moody child she found

Though while he liv'd, she show'd but slight regard

For one who scattered satire's darts around him,—

Not sparing even his country, which was hard ;—

Yet *he* no doubt had many things to wound him :

And Britain, while she weaves the cypress wreath,

Will mourn her Bard who now lies low in death.

IX.

O yes, her labouring bosom heaves the sigh
For him who with her language hath entwined
His name, a pledge that tongue shall never die :
Both are in human hearts for aye enshrined ;—
Together sharing immortality !
But ah ! where now is that once powerful mind ?
Was Byron mortal ? he who could create
What mocks old Time, and braves the shock of Fate ?

X.

“ The beings of the mind are not of clay,
Essentially immortal.”—What are we ?
Man’s works outlast his own contracted day,
And smile secure in their eternity :
Yet man himself must early pass away !
He dies—alas, how soon !—and where is he !
As sets the sun below the western wave,
So sinks the bard, or hero, to the grave !

XI.

But can he so have perish’d ? Is the mind
Lost in unconscious, ever-during night ?
Is there no region, no bright world assign’d,
Where souls shall burst from darkness into light ?
Can powers which seem divinity enshrined
In dust, endure annihilation’s blight ?
To her congenial place the spirit flies ;
Nor can Destruction claim so rich a prize.

XII.

Byron ! thy generous deeds shall stand recorded
On History's page ; and be thy faults forgot :
Could mourners' tears atonement have afforded,
An ocean had been shed those faults to blot :
To them shall our forgiveness be accorded,
While we compassionate thy earthly lot ;
Whose hardship and indignity I'll show,
By quoting here a case which well I know.

XIII.

" I *had*—ah ! have I now ?—a friend," whose wife
Forsook him, like the Levite's consort, who
In Gibeah was deprived of more than life :
With her she carried off their offspring too—
A boy :—and long and grievous was the strife
Which did from this abandonment ensue :
And *quoting Byron* he described his grief
To me, and thus I wrote for his relief.

XIV.

" Like you, ' I'm fond of true Philosophy,
And often say unto myself,'—a lass
That quits her loving spouse, must surely be
Not less untoward than a mule or ass :
And yet ' a headlong, headstrong, downright she,'
Whom as a limb of Satan we must class,
Should she no longer by her presence harrass,
May by her very absence much embarrass.

XV.

“ Especially if she should bear away
Your son, for whom you look, and look again ;
Like one that looks into the stormy spray
Of the remorseless, unrestoring main,
For some loved object that the waves convey
To distant shores ;—and still you look in vain :
But Fate, I hope will soon restore your child,
And you and your good wife be reconciled.

XVI.

“ I know you have been vexed and disappointed ;—
Yet don't be out of heart !—I know you've seen
Your cherish'd schemes and favorite plans disjointed ;
But so great men's in former times have been :
Saul's persecution of the Lord's anointed,
And Absalom's revolt, prove this I ween :
Lot's wife look'd back, and Abraham's told a lie,
And Job's bade him to curse his God and die.

XVII.

“ Rebecca's guile condemn'd her favourite son
To fifteen years of absence, at the least :
Jacob, when Joseph's bloody coat was shown,
Concluded him the prey of some wild beast :
Of all these cases the result is known :
Indeed the number might be much increased ;
For ' Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive ! ”

XVIII.

“ Some say that Dante meant to represent
 By Beatrice, the lady of his love :
 Yet though to this opinion once I leant,
 ’Tis one which time has tended to remove :
 Some say, it was Theology he meant ;
 But this it would be difficult to prove :
 The Bard, in his Celestial Tutelary,
 Intended to pourtray the Virgin Mary.

XIX.

“ The Virgin mother of the God-born child,
 With her son in her blessed arms looked round,’
 In Byron’s verse, with aspect meek and mild,
 As from some Gothic niche with ivy crown’d :
 Of old, her sculptured form could tame the wild,
 And make ‘ the earth below seem holy ground :’
 Now, like a star, behold her vision shine,
 And in our bosoms ‘ wake some thoughts divine.’

XX.

“ That Dante *had* a spouse, I’m quite aware :
 Her name was Gemma too—and *such* a jewel !
 Though of his goods and children she took care,
 To him her temper was morose and cruel.^b
 Jacopo Rusticucci, suffering where
 The grim fires go not out for want of fuel,
 Said that *his* wife’s proud, savage disposition,
 Had chiefly proved the cause of his perdition.^c

XXI.

"And Milton tells us,^d Cupid hath a brother
Called Anteros, though not with him twin-born,
Yet wond'rous like—a child of the same mother;—
Without whose company he is forlorn :
And yet he's oft imposed on by some other,
Borrowing the raiment by his brother worn :
But as an archer aiming he's one-eyed,
And such deceivers keep on his blind side.

XXII.

"Besides, he's unsuspicious ; and his eye,
In this dim dwelling—not his proper sphere—
Is clouded ; but at length he soars on high
Above the shadow of the earth, and there
Perceives the imposture, and detects the lie, [clear.
With eyesight now grown vigorous, keen, and
No genuine brother this, as deem'd of late ;
No fellowship he holds with such a mate.

XXIII.

"Then straight his arrows lose their golden heads
And shed their purple feathers ; then untwine
His silken bands ; his fiery virtue fades ;
Undeified he feels no force divine ;—
Till finding Anteros, new strength pervades
His limbs ; again the beams of Godhead shine,
And kindled by the mutual flame he shares,
His wasted ammunition he repairs.

XXIV.

“ Ere Milton wrote his treatise on divorce,
Or publish'd that entitled “Tetrachordon,”
His consort left him : and without remorse,
John Wesley's fled—whom see his pithy word on.*
I need not trace these house-quakes to their source.
The same thing happen'd too to Noel Gordon.
See these great men, so different in their lives—
Great Poets too—abandon'd by their wives.

XXV.

“ Then why should *you* complain? Be firm and bold;
Yet be not rash, but prudent, sage, and calm :
On faith and a good conscience keep firm hold ;
For inward peace is still the heart's best balm :
More bright examples might these rhymes unfold,
Worthy of Grecian ode, or Hebrew Psalm :
But one more instance, which I here shall quote, is
From modern times, and worthy special notice.

XXVI.

“ Timour the Tartar, after a defeat,
Within a gloomy cave desponding lay,
Musing upon the cruelty of Fate ;
And as he mused, an Emmet did essay
To bear a grain up to the ceiling's height,
And nineteen times pursued her weary way,
But with her burden tumbled to the ground ;—
The twentieth with success her efforts crown'd.

XXVII.

“ And Timour started on his feet, thus taught
 The secret of success ; which in a word
 Is Perseverance : and again he sought
 The battle-field, and drew a conqueror’s sword :
 His followers too, the inspiration caught :
 And thus the Tartar chief, when Fortune pour’d
 An adverse deluge, owed the power to stem it,
 And gain the world’s wide empire, to an Emmet.

XXVIII.

“ And thus, Vantromp, thou on thy couch didst lie,
 Dejected, baffled, while the feeble flesh
 Complain’d ; but resolution did not die ;
 In thee the hero started up afresh :
 And though, perhaps, thy enemies may try
 To take thee captive in some cunning mesh,
 Yet I believe, unless thou die a martyr,
 It will turn out that they have “ caught a Tartar.”

XXIX.

“ ‘ The love of offspring’s nature’s general law,
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings ;
 There’s nothing whets the beak or arms the claw
 Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings :
 And all who’ve seen a human nursery, saw, [lings’
 How mothers love their children’s squalls and chuck-
 But people fancy, *why*, I cannot guess,
 That *fathers* love their babes a good deal less.

XXX.

"They're wrong : a father's love is just as much,
Though in the self-same way he may not show it :
But take his young ones, and he'll prove it such ;
Let him be prince or peasant, peer or poet :
Nay, with rude finger *one* of them but touch,
And by experience you shall quickly know it :
So brightly, fiercely, burns the immortal fire
'Of a strong human heart, and in a sire !' "

XXXI.

This letter of advice and comfort penn'd
By me, was sent ;—but several years ago.
What good it did to my afflicted friend,
He, from that hour has never let me know.
And longer still the time since I did send
Forth to the world those Cantos two, which show
My zeal for Byron—fated then to die ;
So that, I fear, they never met his eye.

XXXII.

Since then the earth has on her axle spun—
Yes, let me see,—nine thousand times and more ;
Completing in her orbit round the sun,
Of revolutions five above a score.
And yet some say—despite this mighty run—
That space is nothing ! I have thought it o'er,
And pondering deeply on the subtle case,
Conclude, if there is motion there is space.

XXXIII.

And then there's matter too—not quite ethereal,
 Which Bishop Berkeley like a cloud would scatter :
 This globe of earth, he, from his height aerial,
 With logical artillery could batter.
 His notion of it—but 'tis immaterial :
 And then the universe he makes—no matter !
 Yet he, in some things, argues with precision :
 What think you of his “ Theory of Vision ? ”

XXXIV.

For instance, when he says that all good Christians
 Who exercise the faculty of sight,
 Are taught the notion which they have of distance
 By their experience, he no doubt is right.
 But when he tells us, that the same assistance
 Appears to be as necessary quite,
 Ere we pronounce those objects we descry
 Inverted or erect, 'tis “ *all my eye !* ”

XXXV.

But what are his exploits, and those of Hume,
 Compared with yours who would abolish space ?
 For our “ ideas ” they at least left *room* ;
 But what they spared you from existence chase !
 You deepen even of Scepticism the gloom :
 Of souls and bodies they deprived our race ;
 Yet left the realm of space, a field for thought,
 Which for our comfort you've to Nothing brought !

XXXVI.

'Tis twenty-five years since, and yet it seems
But yesterday. In childhood time seems long :
And longer still, perhaps, appear the dreams
Of infancy, faint echos of the song
Of Paradise, whose lingering glory beams
On our life's dawn : but when no longer young,
Our years contract, and time appears too short
For business, though it seemed so long for sport.

XXXVII.

The vivid sense of pain or pleasure may
Make minutes ages ; apathy appears
To shorten much the hours we sleep away.
Our consciousness a strict relation bears
To time and time's progression : thus one day
Is as a thousand years—a thousand years
But as a day.¹ If Time no more shall be ;
Thought's home already is—Eternity.

XXXVIII.

The mind can call up ages past, and slake
Her thirst at Eden's fountains : she can give
New breath to forms that have expired, and make
The vanish'd scene again all freshly live ;
And with the great of old communion take ;
Enjoy the future ere it can arrive,
Anticipating her immortal dower,
And crowd Eternity into an hour.

XXXIX.

The thought is boundless and disdains control,
 That Conscience deals with, in her might sublime :
 And mark, how in the sinner's guilty soul
 One moment can avenge a life of crime :
 How years of recollection o'er it roll,
 An age collecting in one point of time :
 That thought "which in itself can comprehend"
 Affliction "without name, or hope, or end."^k

XL.

Here then my Metaphysics you behold ;
 Not sole, "but married to immortal verse :"
 That I am fond of them, few need be told ;
 For were I not, I should have match'd them worse.
 The following mode of studying them, I hold
 The true one ;—to invert, or to reverse,
 One's eyes and gaze on one's own thoughts within,
 That we the knowledge of ourselves may win ;—

XLI.

And eke of others : for as face to face
 Doth in a mirror answer, so the thought
 Of one man's mind another's thought displays :—
 In each case, truth is by *reflection* caught.
 "Your trumpery books," as my friend Hobson says,
 Can't help you much, however dearly bought :
 Our only chance is, when we dig and grope as
 I'or hidden treasure ; but—" *hic labor, hoc opus.*"

XLII.

A quarter of a century has pass'd,
Since first the Public saw those Cantos two,—
Almost a generation,—and at last,
Behold the third,—in which I shall review
The times which have been fleeting by so fast;
Not as *laudator temporis acti*:—few
There are who of the present age don't find,
The times that went before come far behind.

XLIII.

While earth has been revolving, science, arts,
And nations too, have had their revolutions.
Geology, on mica, schist, and quartz,
With fossil rocks has built sublime conclusions.
The astronomers have acted well their parts;
And Uranus, by his odd evolutions,
To Adams and Le Verrier did suggest
A planet new—more distant than the rest.

XLIV.

Lord Rosse's telescope I lately saw ;—
A wonder of the world ;—the depths of space
To pierce, and let us see with deepest awe
The nebulæ to stars resolved ; and trace
Systems of systems : to explain what law
Upholds each system in its separate place ;
And if the whole in mighty orbits run
Around some central universal sun.

XLV.

What glorious powers ! and yet what wide extremes !

An atom, I can mount where Science guides,
 To weigh the air, and count the solar beams ;
 Or tread heaven's highway with the Queen of tides ;
 Or to their fountains trace ten thousand streams
 Of starry light ; or where the sun presides
 In cloudless pomp, with Uriel stand, nor stay,
 But wing towards Creation's bounds my way,

XLVI.

With other suns for sky-marks ;—that vague shore

Which this vast universe encircles round ;
 Beyond whose limits God weigh'd worlds no more.

Yet when Thought reaches Nature's utmost bound,
 She spreads her daring wings again to soar,

Then plunges into that abyss profound,—
 Immensity !—not void, but fill'd by Him [dim.
 Match'd with whose glory heaven's bright hosts are

XLVII.

So much for our improvements in Astronomy :

And—but not now—my Muse intends to give
 A lecture on Political Economy :

I wonder how our sires contrived to live
 Without it :—'tis a kind of Deuteronomy,

Or second law,—to make the nation thrive :
 Although the farmers terribly complain ;
 And with the slave-trade Afric bleeds again.

XLVIII.

Some arts and sciences lay strangely hid
 For ages, yet for ever on the brink
 Of great discovery ;—others early did
 Invite mankind at Wisdom's fount to drink.
 Millions had seen a boiling kettle's lid [think
 Heaved up by steam ;—but which of these could
 What power mysterious that light vapour hides ;
 What wonderful enchantment there abides ?¹

XLIX.

Job was an author, and his words were writ on
 Leaves, books of skin, and cut in lead and stone :^m
 The glorious Greeks and Romans never hit on
 The art of Printing, which remain'd unknown
 Till Gutenberg of Mentz the method lit on
 Of cutting types, from which impressions thrown,
 When smeared with ink, which seem'd the work of
 Had almost led to consequences tragic." [magic,

L.

But now the giant steam not only sends
 The car along a thousand railway lines :
 Its Cyclopean arm, resistless, lends
 To speed our vessels, and keep dry our mines ;
 To heave, and weave, and spin, it condescends,
 The anchor hammers, and the cable twines ;
 While to the Press it yields its Godlike power,
 And of the "Times" prints myriads in an hour.*

LI.

Match'd with the modern miracles of steam,
What were the works of Vulcan, with the stamp
Of Homer's genius—an immortal theme?
What are the wonders of Aladdin's lamp?
Or that which won the Tartar king's esteem,
The wondrous horse of brass, with silent tramp;
Upsoaring like a Pegasus tow'rds heaven,
As if to it for wings the winds were given?^p

LII.

The car we enter, as the steeds of fire
Are harness'd to the long and ponderous train:
The signal given, their motion we admire,
Though like leviathans they puff amain:
Beside them soon Mazeppa's horse would tire:
The speed with which they bear us o'er the plain
So swift, yet smooth—like Earth's—we cannot test;
To our mere sense we seem at perfect rest.

LIII.

As Earth moves eastward, sun, moon, stars, we see,
In seeming journey westward, shine on high:
So in the railway carriage borne, as we
Over the scene around us glance our eye,
All nearer objects—house, bridge, river, tree,
And towers and towns—the other way rush by:
Even the far mountains come, and pass away;
And nothing but the heavenly bodies stay.^q

LIV.

A whistle, shrill and loud!—the tunnel gapes
And the long railway train its jaws receive !
'Tis dim—'tis dark, dark, dark!—fantastic shapes
People the darkness, which the fire-steeds cleave!
The huge arch thunders, for no sound escapes,
But the piled rocks that round and o'er us heave,
Confine, reverberated these, and seem to wake
Voices that in ten thousand echos speak.

LV.

With Dante, Virgil-guided, not forlorn,
We travel through the abyss :—lo, sparks of fire
Shine through the gloom ; in which no light of morn
Ere dawns ; and yet hope doth not *here* expire :
Like Milton too, “through utter darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,”
We sing *this* “ chaos and eternal night :”
But *not* like him—again we see the light !

LVI.

With him I oft—especially when young
Soaring, the star-paved floor of heaven have trod,
While seraphim their golden harps have strung,
And raised their chorus round the throne of God ;
Or with dire arms the empyrean rung :
Then ventured down the deep, where Satan strode
Over the burning marle, and heard him call
His legions, thunderstricken in their fall.

LVII.

The fire-steeds rushing onward bring to view
The opening of the cave, the distant ray
Of dusky light, increasing, brightening too,
Till we emerge—and all again is day!
A glorious prospect, beautiful and new—
Plains, woods, and mountains, and the sunlit bay,
Old frowning castles, and the winding river,
Whose free, bright waves, roll on and on for ever.

LVIII.

And lo, the train draws near a mighty portal,
A granite lion couch'd on either side,
Of vast dimensions!—but what hand immortal
Hath poised yon iron road athwart the tide?
Arch'd over—and so strong as to support all
Those ponderous carriages, that rushing glide
From the mainland, high o'er the rolling surge,
And on the opposing shore at length emerge.

LIX.

We, at this further portal, pass between
Two other lions of colossal size,
Couch'd like the guardian Genii of the scene:
And onward, onward, like a dragon flies
The railway train—we sitting all serene;—
At length its speed grows less, its motion dies:
And now, arriving safely at the Station,
Our railway journey has its termination.



LX.

Brought to the verge of ocean by the giant,
We launch our bark upon its bounding waves;
And Steam still aids us, to the wish compliant
Of Her whose children never will be slaves.
With wind and tide opposing—storm-defiant—
The iron steam-boat ploughs the deep, and braves
The Atlantic peril—to Columbia borne;—yea,
To India, China, or to California!

LXI.

Yes, *El Dorado* is no more a fable;*
In California it is really found:
There all you touch turns gold, if you're but able
With spade or mattock to turn up the ground:
Like Midas, you may heap it on your table,
A golden one, till gladly you'd compound
For all you have, with hunger, thirst and cold:—
Thrice happy they who can subsist on gold.

LXII.

Yet Steam is but a loiterer, dull and slow,
Compared with yon Electric Telegraph!
Behold the Poisoner—fast as Steam can go,
He flies from Justice, with an inward laugh,
To think he has outstripp'd her!—Is it so?
She's *gone before* and *waits* for him!—Ere half
His journey is perform'd, the fact transpires,
Even with the speed of lightning, through yon wires.

LXIII.

And as he quits the railway train he rode in,

On him her steadfast look see Justice bow !

Of that which shall be has he yet no boding ?

He stands arraign'd ; each fact finds audience now :
His guilt brought home, remorse his bosom goading,

Heaven's hand, with one bright sunbeam, on that
Writes ' This is he : '—there only seen to fall, [brow
Amidst the faces in that crowded hall.'

LXIV.

Electro-Magnetism !—swift Messenger !

Yet, like a spirit, none thy form hath caught :

No matter what the distance ; thou canst bear

Tidings with speed which rivals that of thought !

Where'er the lines which are thy paths appear,

Even in an instant is thy message brought,

" As by the stroke of the Enchanter's wand,"

From town to province, and from land to land.

LXV.

And then, what visions of the future rise !

To Paris, Petersburg, Vienna speaking,

To Capitals beneath the Eastern skies,

Jerusalem, Calcutta, Ispahan, Pekin,

We're heard at once, and back the answer flies [kin.

With equal speed :—" thus may the whole world be

And this is likewise to happen soon,

Than that steam-engines waft us to the moon.

LXVI.

Yes : Bishop Wilkins *did* a scheme propound,
Of getting to the moon ; in which were shown
The vast advantages that would redound
To British commerce : on one point alone—
A fit conveyance—'twas defective found ;
Since railways and balloons were then unknown,
For inns upon the road, it promised fair ;
'Twas only—building castles in the air."

LXVII.

Honour to Wilkins—and his lunar scheme !
But *has* the moon her crowds, with life and breath ?
Or but *one man* !—as, in the Arabian dream,
The idolatrous city, fix'd in stony death,
Had one survivor,—while a diamond's gleam
Blazed o'er the silent throne on all beneath
See now (no dream !) from eastern splendours shorn,
Its brilliant rival to Britannia borne."

LXVIII.

Mountain of light !—Refulgent KOH-I-NOOR !
Worthy to grace Victoria's diadem !
Which shines already with a ray more pure :
While Science, that outweighs the priceless gem,
Turns charcoal into diamond !—nothing truer !
As for yon chalk-hills, analysing them,
She shows their mass with insect mummies rife ;
And wakes the soften'd rock to sudden life.

LXIX.

Thus have the arts and sciences progress'd,
 Between my two first Cantos and my third :
 And tho' already I've too much digress'd,
 Yet as the public mind has oft been stirr'd
 With other changes, 'twill perhaps be best,
 Ere we proceed, of these to say a word.
 We've got Emancipation and Reform ;
 And Britain's ark hath weather'd many a storm.

LXX.

[that day

When " France got drunk with blood," she sow'd
 The seeds of future wrong, to reap the same.
 Lo ! Freedom's giant statue, form'd of clay !^x
 While Anarchy presided in her name ;
 To whom were sacrificed the grave and gay :—
 The old and young alike her altars claim :
 And when the guillotine too slow was found,
 Whole hecatombs were sabred, shot, or drown'd.

LXXI.

Then rose Napoleon, like the Sun of Fame ;
 And the clay goddess fell : the battle-plain
 His path to empire : to the stars his name
 He raised ; and France and Europe felt his chain :
 His character " a mass of glorious blame."
 And Byron, who a monarch wish'd to reign,
 " Was reckon'd a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme."

LXXII.

But Beppo was his Leipsic, and Don Juan
His Moscow ; Cain perhaps his Waterloo.
Two *Nota Benes* these, whom Victory drew on
Too far, while Glory's meteor they pursue.
And what's the moral of their lives ?—No new one :
If thou wouldst mount in safety, keep in view
Thy pole-star *Duty* :—govern thy own mind,
Rather than lord it over half mankind.

LXXIII.

And as Napoleon grieved in his lone isle,
And the bright past with inward anguish mourn'd,
So, far from home and offspring, Byron's smile
With pain was sadden'd, as his spirit turn'd
Back to the vast and venerable pile
His lay so gloriously described : and yearn'd,
Though vainly, for his lost ancestral seat,
Like "angels who kept not their first estate."

LXXIV.

In France they've had a second Revolution,
Besides a third :—the former overthrew
The Bourbon family, 'midst much confusion
And strife ; a three days' siege of Paris too,
In which the cannon did great execution :
And when the smoke is clear'd away, we view
The throne of Louis Philippe, first of men,
King of the Barricades, and Citizen.

LXXV.

For eighteen years in France he held high rule ;
 In Algiers conquer'd, in Tahiti changed
 The laws and government ;—of Rome the tool ;—
 And thus his guardian Genius was estrang'd.
 Like Hannibal, a theme for boys at school ;
 In him the world has seen the wrongs avenged
 Of Abd-el-Kader, Dara, and Pomarè :
 'Tis the same tale—for truth can never vary.

LXXVI.

“ When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
 That ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
 Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,”^{aa}
 Where was the prayer that from the catacomb [void ;
 To heaven had risen ? That prayer had not been
 The cry of martyrs, in their weakest hour,
 Had prov'd triumphant o'er the Imperial power.

LXXVII.

So now, the throne of France assail'd, o'ermatch'd,
 By Revolution, perish'd in a day :
 Despite the enclosing walls and forts detach'd :
 With ammunition and artillery they
 Were stored ; a hundred thousand soldiers watch'd,
 In arms well train'd, and in complete array :
 But all in vain ; though o'er these heroes banded,
 Bugeaud, the Conqueror of Algiers, commanded.

LXXVIII.

The sage, experienced monarch flies ;
 And the Republic is establish'd ! soon
 The Assembly meets—but lo, the Faubergs rise
 In hot rebellion !—Revolution's boon
 Is civil war ; and stern Cavaignac tries
 The effect of grape-shot : such the days of June !
 The Red Republicans lose their sheet anchor ;
 Fierce Ledru fled, and Louis Blanc look'd blanker.

LXXIX.

O thou, of adverse fortune long the sport !
 Shade of a mighty name ! the helm assume !
 Escaped from prison to preside at court,
 Why hast thou put down liberty in Rome ?
 Where dost thou steer for—as thy future port ?
 Doth an Imperial throne before thee loom ?
 Consult thy (oath and) uncle's ashes, when
 “*Vive l'Empereur !*” soundeth in thine ears again !

LXXX.

The aspect of the times has also lower'd
 Elsewhere :—o'er Naples, Prussia, Germany,
 And Austria too, the deluge hath been pour'd,
 Which shook their thrones. Alas, for Hungary !
 Whose very champions have turn'd Turks !—the
 Has quell'd her freedom !—City of the sea, [sword
 Fair Venice ! thy late struggle well became
 (First-born of Liberty !) thy ancient fame.

LXXXI.

"The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt ;

Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains

Clank over sceptred cities : " Thou hast felt

The galling yoke, which on thy neck remains.

May Heaven with lightning-glance thy fetters

Or grant "one hour of blind old Dandolo,"^{bb} [melt ;

To hurl destruction on the invading foe !

LXXXII.

Before the walls of Rome, the eternal city,

By night is heard of gathering troops the hum :

Is it the sound of "Bourbon's black banditti ?"

Are Austria's, Naples' armies, hither come ?

No :—for the dawn reveals—the more's the pity—

In martial guise on old Jauiculum,

The French Republicans elate with hope,

To put down Freedom and restore the Pope !

LXXXIII.

The artillery thunders and the seven hills

Are shaken to their bases with the roar.

The man-invented lightning blasts and kills ;

The bolt men hurl makes Tiber red with gore ;

Each matron, maid, and child, with terror fills ;

Church, pillar, statue, rends,—unharm'd before :

And while the French such liberal measure give,

See Guido's fresco riddled like a sieve !

LXXXIV.

In yon Palazzo named Rospigliosi,
It ceil'd the mansion like a heaven :—the dawn
Breaks o'er the earth, and flings, with fingers ros
Flowers in the path of bright Apollo—drawn
By rapid steeds—what golden radiance throws he
On ocean, mountain, castle, wood and, lawn !
The hours (or houris) round his car still dance ;
Though beaten by the livelier *balls* of France.

LXXXV.

But there are those who combat long and well
For Rome and Liberty, within those walls.
Yet vain their efforts : who their grief shall tell,
When France their Country conquers and enthrals ?
Before her arms the seven-hill'd city fell.
And thither France the absconded Pope recalls ;
He show'd no haste to come ; but—much the same—
Three Cardinal Virtues govern in his name !

LXXXVI.

Days, weeks, and months, pass by ; at length appears,
Wending his way to Rome, good Pro Nono !
He enters the famed City :—do the cheers
Of thousands hail him, as they once did ? Oh, no !
And in his bosom hopes contend with fears ;
Around, the state of things is hardly “ *buono*,”
At that high altar, in that temple splendid,
By *foreign troops* he's guarded and attended.

LXXXVII.

“ Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-cloud against the wind,
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,”
 (Thy hosts, like Israel's, foil'd, because they sinn'd)
 Shall yet be heard, in loudest peals replying
 To Tyranny; and its decrees rescind.
 Lo, from the waning *Crescent* Greece is free;
 So from *her* thralldom Italy shall be.

LXXXVIII.

If gentle Nature makes the whole world kin,
 How is it that such evils have existed
 Among mankind, in every age, since sin
 Sought happiness in wrong, and ever miss'd it:
 And war and persecution did begin
 With Cain, who slew his brother, unresisted?
 Is there no influence that can disenthral?
 No Power benign to raise us from our fall?

LXXXIX.

And must the blood and tears of mortals be
 A deluge that still ebbs but to reflow?
 Have we no refuge but in apathy;
 Or must mankind despair?—It is not so:—
 The flood abates; the dove of Promise see,
 Bearing the welcome olive branch; and lo!
 Through Nature's tears, upon the cloud we view
 Hopc's Iris!—God his rainbow *doth* renew!

XC.

Signs of the Times!—the Times have many signs ;
And if not all, yet most of them are cheering :
Truth o'er the world with brighter lustre shines ;
At home the moral atmosphere is clearing ;
And with God's Providence his word combines,
To freemen from the chains they have been wearing,
The chains of error, vice, and superstition ;—
To raise and to improve the world's condition.

XCI.

When Rome's triumphant arms had form'd one vast
Imperial system, and made sure her sway :
She closed the gates of war, the trumpet blast
Was hush'd, and arts began to make their way :
The earthquake and the tempest now had pass'd ;
The still small voice was heard ; and from that day,
An Empire grew which time will not remove ;
Its laws, truth, justice, purity, and love.

XCII.

After the semi-barbarous Middle Ages ;
When Charles the fifth, "in Leo's golden days,"
Was Europe's lord ; again the classic pages
Of Greece and Rome were opened, and the blaze
Of science spread :—the Bible too engages
In warfare with the Popedom ; and its rays
The Triple Crown of half its beams have shorn ;
It proved the Sun of Europe's second morn !

XCIII.

And now the Queen of Victory is reigning
 Over an Empire such as Rome ne'er saw :
 Lo, Science, Commerce, Arts—new triumphs gaining;
 And every land receives the Living Law.
 Truth's Champions who, her holy cause mantaining,
 From Heaven's own armory their weapons draw,
 'Midst heathen countries their pure triumphs win,
 O'er Idol-worship, Ignorance, and Sin.

XCIV.

" But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,"
 The hero of Lord Byron's tale ? alas,
 Though he from Catharine's court to London's throng,
 'Midst high society, was made to pass ;
 His shade, like many more, has vanish'd long,
 " And fades away into destruction's mass."
 So, as digression with convenience chimes,
 We'll touch a little further on the *Times*.

XCV.

There is the Daily "Times," of world-wide fame,
 Which can, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "confute,
 Change sides, and still confute :"—and where's the
 Of catering well the Public taste to suit ? [blame
 'Tis thus that Journal answers to its name ;
 And keeps its circulation up, to boot :
 Yet from its present views it will not falter—
 Like Bray's famed Vicar—till the Times do alter !

XCVI.

Chief of the Fourth Estate, how vast thy realm !

Lord of the Press !—Thou king without a crown,
Or with a crown of foolscap ;—at the helm

The Premier must consult thee—lest thy frown
Should gather, and thy vengeance overwhelm :

One Cabinet—and more—hast thou struck down :
And though our flag the breeze and battle braves,
Thou rulest Britannia who still rules the waves.

XCVII.

Thou art a God—the Thunderer—Jupiter !

And thy Olympus—wrapp'd in fog and smoke—
Is London ; and its peak yon famous square, [voke

Whence the fork'd lightnings flash : who dares pro-
Thine anger must the vollied thunders bear,—

Chain'd like Prometheus to the naked rock ;
While he, perchance, not even thy bolts appal,
But—prescient—he foretells thy godship's fall.

XCVIII.

Though thus I write, I mean not in these rhymes

Aught of offence to Æschylus, or Homer : [Times ;'
Then we've the 'Weekly,' 'Western,' 'Wesleyan—

The last of which is plainly a misnomer :

The first, of commerce, casualties, and crimes,

Of Politics and plays,—outspeaking Rumour,

Each Sunday morn doth to the public tell ;—

And battles with the Socialists as well.

XCIX.

Star of the "Western" City of the Waters ;
Oft has the Bishop felt thy scorching ray :
When erst he call'd upon thy sons and daughters,
To walk in Puseyite paths which lead astray,
Old Isca's zeal was roused, and Devon caught hers :
And o'er their mighty Protestant array
Thy brilliant beam, that like a meteor shone,
Was thrown, till they the victory had won.

C.

And in that famous trial, thou—defendant
Against the Bishop—didst thy prowess show :
Yet pause and ponder :—as an Independent,
The bench of Bishops thou would'st overthrow :
Another Cromwell might be in the ascendant,
If thou couldst realize thy wish, we know :
But pray, how for thy readers couldst thou dish up
Their weekly feast, without a roasted Bishop ?

CI.

Dante, when journeying through the shades below,
Saw Ugolino in those regions dreary,
Gnawing the head of his remorseless foe,
With mitre gone, the Archbishop Ruggieri :
Perhaps we may excuse his doing so :
He had been shut up by this adversary,
With his two sons (if you the case examine ;—
How different yours !) within the tower of Famine.

CII.

And there his rage and hunger grew so fierce,
That with him to the shades below they went,
But *you* are not less sportive than my verse ;
Well fed ; and ne'er have been to prison sent.
If you at once could all the Bishops pierce,
Why should you strike—to your own detriment ?
Your income you would seriously reduce,
Like him who for the eggs cut up the goose.

CIII.

But, Britons, if the Surplice-Rubric-War
Has quell'd all adoration of the sainted !
Some things above your altars yet there are,
By which at times your incense may be tainted !
“The likeness of what is in heav'n” may mar [painted :
Your worship ; though not carved, but merely
“ What tho' 'tis but a pictured image strike” one ?
That figure, though no idol, is “ too like” one.

CIV.

“ O for that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud !”
Lest he who did from their allegiance draw
The embattled seraphim—that angel proud—
Should lead a second host to break Heaven's law !
Stars of the churches ! though the tempter shroud
Himself in darkness, yet—for all prepared—
Against his force or guile, be on your guard.

CV.

And thou, Proprietor of "Worsdell's Pills"

For curing *all* complaints—ah, art thou tired
Of thus removing our corporeal ills?

Or not content—that with ambition fired,
To physic Churches, even against their wills,
As Arch-heresiarch, thou hast now aspired?
But I suspect, thou hast an eye to pelf;
And therefore say, "Physician heal thyself!"

CVI.

For blasphemy thy "Wesleyan" **WORST OF TIMES**,

With its "Religious" boast, throws into shade
All others; with its mountebanks and mimes,
Its Scribes and Pharisees, of light afraid!

Its weekly page foul calumny begrimes;
Its rage betrays the rancorous renegade:
Hail, king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mire
With deeper sable blots the virgin quire!"

CVII.

To thee the trickling rills of slander flow

From all the Wesleyan world, as yonder Fleet,
O'erarched receives the tribute, black and slow,

That rolls in common shores beneath our feet:
Ape of the Thunderer! many a dastard blow

Through thee is dealt, and finds concealment meet:
And that thou may'st not serve the devil by halves,
Thou lately hast set up three molten calves.

CVIII.

One—of mix'd metal—shrewd, astute; alas!
 Angels at his grey hairs and jests might weep!
 Tough, heavy, dull, the next for lead may pass;
 And "tyrant" is upon his brow stamp'd deep.
 The third, like Gog at Guildhall, seems all brass,
 And brainless too :—the Chartist rabble keep
 Near him—for he's their favourite idol deem'd,
 Since oft Victoria's name he has blasphem'd:

CIX.

Servants of Chaos!—Genii of the Deep!"
 Adepts in Pseudo-Wesleyan prose and pathos!
 Around "the Anarch old" your court ye keep;
 Your work is faction, and your home "the Bathos"
 Greedy and restless as the waves that sweep,
 And dash the bark against the foot of Athos,
 You march with desolation in your train,
 While "havock, spoil, and ruin, are your gain!"

CX.

Nave of the Fly-sheet wheel, who centralized
 Mid creaking spokes, and grumbling shaky fellows,
 For revolutionary motion prized—
 Wert stationary once, and didst grow jealous
 Of merit that eclipsed thine own: disguised,
 Thou from thy secret place with patent bellows,
 Hast blown the coals of strife beneath their ashes,
 In hope to see them blaze, like lightning flashes!

CXIV.

Time rushes by—towards eternity,
Her final goal—on wings swift as the wind :
Stretching away, beyond the things we see,
Leaving earth's mightiest empires far behind.
But there's a future kingdom that shall be
Without an end—unto the just assign'd :
From the foundation of the world prepared,
By him who made all worlds—their vast reward.

CXV.

“ Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge.
Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.”

CXVI.

So much for Time and Times—the past and present,
And that vast shoreless sea, the future too :
Thus to expatiate at large, how pleasant,
When Thought asserts her freedom, and her view,
Reaching beyond the visible and recent,
Is limitless :—yet there's a bourn, 'tis true,
Near which the boldest, bravest, holds his breath,
And Nature trembles in the shades of death.

CXVII.

"Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,"
Like old, fond, vain Voltaire, and such as he,
"How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our earthly labours light,"
Each ancient sage, "and all who taught the right."^h

CXVIII.

That thus it is, not holiest men alone,
But Heaven itself to mortal man declares;
The secrets of Eternity makes known,
In voices from beyond the morning stars:
And things invisible to Faith are shown;
The Christian by anticipation shares
With those above—what God's own words assure—
The bliss that shall immortally endure.

CXIX.

And now I've nearly finish'd my Third Canto:
'Twill be the last, as may be well supposed;
Whether or not you find it consonant to
Your wishes, or the plan at first proposed.
I make the public thus my confidant too:
My subject, like the sepulchre, hath closed
On him whose Muse delighted, or astounded;
Surprised with wit, or with abuse confounded.

CXX.

O, where is he whose daring genius soar'd,
On rapid wing, through Fancy's boundless realm;
Who thro' thought's wilderness new tracks explored,
And like Columbus steer'd with vent'rous helm
Through untried seas, where threat'ning billows roar'd;
Whom nought but his own passions could o'er-
Where is the Bard who, like Olympian Jove, [whelm?
Hurl'd the red bolt of vengeance from above?

CXXI.

Gone—to the land where all things are forgot!
Ah, what avail his genius and his wit?
The call of Glory now can rouse him not;
His race is run, and—what is writ is writ!
O that his memory had no single blot!
O had his Muse been pure, his writings fit
For safe and unproved perusal, nor
Been such as, while we praise, we must abhor!

CXXII.

Ah, youth, come near:—behold the mighty ruin,
The wreck of mind in this example shown:
Contemplate here the misery ensuing,
When Pride o'er principle erects her throne:
Then pause—nor persevere to thy undoing,
But wisdom learn from sufferings not thine own:
So shall that beacon save thee future pain,
Nor Byron's genius quite have blazed in vain.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note a, stanza 1.

If anybody should presume to assert
This story is not moral—
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies.—
The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral.
—Don Juan, canto 1, st. 207-9.

Note b, stanza 4.

I never married; but I think I know
That sons should not be educated so.
—Canto 1, st. 53.

Note c, stanza 5.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd, "Think of every sacred tie!"
"I will, my dear Philosophy," I said, &c.
—Canto 2, st. 210.

Note d, stanza 6.

My days of love are over; me no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of that they did before.
—Canto 1, st. 216.

Note e, stanza 7.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun, &c.
— but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, &c.
—Canto 1, st. 63.
—Canto 2, st. 208.

Note f, stanza 8.

Feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours, like the hands of dyers.
—Canto 3, st. 87.

Probably this was borrowed from Dean Swift, who says,
"Poets are liars by profession."

Note g, stanza 11.

I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine.

—Canto 4, st. 5.

Note h, stanza 12.

Besides, in Canto twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.
A panoramic view of hell's in training.
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

—Canto 1, st. 1, 200, 207.

Note i, stanza 22.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd, &c.—Canto 2, st. 53.

“In a few minutes after Mr. Rogers had gained the rock, a universal shriek announced the dreadful catastrophe: in a few moments all was hushed, except the warring winds and beating waves. The wreck was buried in the remorseless deep, and not an atom of her was ever after discernable.”—*Narrative of the Loss of the Halsewell.*

Note k, stanza 28.—“Ave Maria,” &c., canto 3, stanza 102.

Note l, stanza 34.—Childe Harold; canto 3, st. 89.

Note m, st. 41.

“Ancient history and modern politics instruct us, that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a State in vigour and independence; and the Greeks in particular, are a melancholy instance of the near connection between moral degeneracy and national decay.”—Notes to the Second Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

Note n, st. 42.

Homer says of the Syrens—

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

Odyssey, Book xii.

Note o, st. 43.

“The unquestionable possession of considerable genius, by several of the writers here censured, makes their *mental prostration* the more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied

or at most laughed at and forgotten ; *perverted powers* demand the most decided reprehension."—Preface to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame that o'er her altar burns ;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns :
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee mend thy line, and sin no more.

—English Bards, &c.

Note p, st. 44, 45.

Don Juan, Canto 1, st. 42, 43. Of Sappho's famous Ode, "Blest as the immortal gods is he," &c.; Longinus says, Section 10, "The excellence of this ode consists in the judicious choice and connexion of the most striking circumstances."

Note q, st. 47.

Had he been one of us, he wou'd have made
An awful spirit.

—Merry, Act 2, sc. . .

Note r, st. 53.—Hor. Carm. lib. i.

Note s, st. 53.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum
Cum scribo.

—Horace, lib. i. ep. 2.

Note t, st. 55.

Don Juan, Canto 3, st. 97, 99, 100 ; Canto 4, st. 109.

Note u, st. 56.

Thou shalt not bear false witness, like the Blues.

—Canto 1, st. 206.

Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, relates, that about the year 1781, it was the fashion for ladies to have evening assemblies, for conversation with literary and ingenious men. These societies were denominated 'Blue Stocking Clubs.' One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and who wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence felt to be such a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the

'blue stockings;' and thus by degrees the title was established. Mrs. Hannah More, in her Poem, "*Bas Bleu*," has described a Blue Stocking Club, and mentioned those who were most conspicuous in them.

Note v, st. 58.—Canto 1, st. 206.

Note w, st. 61.—"Sacred to the memory of Milton, Prince of Poets."—Inscription on a stone tablet, over the window of a house in which Milton lived, in Little France, Westminster.

Note x, st. 65.—Aug. 24, 1819. "*Keep the anonymous* : it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grow serious about Don Juan, and you feel yourself in a scrape, or me either, own that I am the author."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*.—Works, p. 578. An example which certain anonymous writers would do well to imitate!

Note y, st. 65.

We meet again, if we should understand
Each other, and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample.
—Canto 1, st. 221.

Note z, st. 72.

Followers of Fame, nine farrow of that sow.
—Canto 1, st. 2.

And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the "nil admirari."
Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, or to keep them so :
Thus Horace wrote.—And thus
Pope quotes the precept; but had none admired,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired ?
—Canto 5, st. 101, 102.

Note aa, st. 76.

Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.
—Canto 5, st. 2.

Note bb, st. 84.—Canto 1, st. 128.

Note cc, st. 87.

And read your bible, sir, and mind your purse.
—Canto 1, st. 220.

Note dd, st. 90.

In this incident, the Poet appears to have had in view the boatswain of Dampier's ship, who very humorously urged a similar plea, and with the like success.—See *Tatler*, No. 62.

Note ee, st. 90.—Canto 5, st. 25.

I'm a philosopher; confound them all!

Bills, beasts, and men, and—no, *not* womankind!

With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,

And then my stoicism leaves nought behind, &c.

—Canto 6, st. 22.

Note ff, st. 92.—Childe Harold, Canto 1, st. 65.

Note gg, st. 93.

So for a good old gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

—Don Juan, Canto 1, st. 216.

Note hh, st. 95.—Canto 2, st. 207.

The followers of Zeno were called Stoics, from the *Stoa*, or Portico, at Athens, in which they usually met. Zeno died, B. C. 264 at the age of ninety-eight. He taught and practised a strict morality, and was plain in dress and frugal in living. The Stoics held the doctrine of a future state, a final conflagration, and subsequent restoration of all things.—*Enfield's History of Philosophy*, Book ii. chap. xi. sect. 2.

Aristippus was a disciple of Socrates, but departing from the strictness of his master's principles, he founded the Cyrenaic sect, and appears to have been the Preceptor of pleasure. Possessing elegant manners, ready wit, and an ingenious temper, he taught that pleasure is the ultimate object of human pursuit; that all crimes are venial, because committed under the impulse of passion; that nothing is just or unjust by nature, but by custom and law; and that a wise man will enjoy the present hour, and be indifferent to life or death.—*Enfield's Hist. Phil.*, Book ii. chap. v.

Epicurus made pleasure the end of his doctrine, and professed to employ wisdom as a guide to happiness. His own

conduct does not appear to have been vicious or immoral ; but many of his followers made it an apology for licentiousness. He taught that the universe is infinite and eternal ; that nothing exists but body and space ; that atoms are the elements of which all things are composed, and into which they will be resolved ; that the world began to exist by the fortuitous concourse of atoms possessing innate motion ; that it is preserved, and will finally be destroyed, by the same mechanical causes ; that the parts of animals were not framed for the uses to which they are now applied, but were accidentally produced, and afterwards accidentally employed ; and that the soul is a subtle corporeal substance, composed of the finest atoms.—*Ibid.* Book ii. chap. xv.

Note ii, st. 95.—Canto 2, st. 207.

See Mitford's *History of Greece*, vol. x., for an account of the celebrated inscription on the walls of Anchialus, "Eat, drink, play: all other joys are not worth a fillip."—"Supposing this version to be nearly exact (for Arrian says it is not quite so), whether the purpose was not to invite to civil order a people disposed to turbulence, rather than to recommend immoderate luxury, may perhaps reasonably be questioned."—*Ibid.*

Note kk, st. 96.—Canto 2, 178.

Note ll, st. 96.

Some expressions and quotations in the first edition of this Poem, have been carped at by Ignorance and Malignity. Such objectors always remind one of Milton's remark, in the "APOLOGY for his Early Life and Writings," respecting the Masoreths and Rabinical Scholiasts among the Jews, with their *Keri* and *Ketib*, designed to purify the law and the prophets!—"Fools who would teach men to read more decently than God thought fit to write."—*Apology for Smectymnus*, sec. ii., *Milton's Works*, 1833, p. 84.

Note mm, st. 99.

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the Great Whole,
That hath produced, and will receive the soul.

—Canto 3, st. 104.

These lines are borrowed from Pope's Universal Prayer:—"

To Him whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies, &c.

Note nn, st. 100.

The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead.

To be the nothing that I was, &c.

And know, however thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

—Euthanasia.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.

—Hebrew Melodies.

Thou art immortal;—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"Thou liv'st for ever."

—Heaven and Earth: a Mystery

"How, raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God? Or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something more noble and durable than the clay of which we are made?"—*Lord Byron to Count Gamba, Works*, Ed. 1841, p. 639.

Note oo, st. 101.

Because, though I am but a simple noddie.

—Canto 7, st. 21.

Note pp, st. 102.

The narrative of an assassination in the streets of Ravenna, almost in the presence of our author, is given, Canto 5, st. 33-39, and concludes in the words we have quoted.

Note qq, st. 105.—*Childe Harold*, Canto 3, st. 70.

Note rr, st. 110.—*Ibid.*, Canto 3, st. 9.

Note ss, st. 13.

Voltaire's physician, M. de Tronchin, and those who attended the philosopher in his last sickness, represent him to have died in great remorse.

Note tt, st. 118.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"—*Hor.* lib. 2, *carm.* 2. This sentiment, which might inspire courage into the soul of a coward, is nevertheless incomplete without the addition of Christ's saying, "He that loseth his life for my sake, and the truth's, shall find it."

Note uu, st. 104.

The analogy of nature points out a Future state of rewards and punishments, as likely, as reasonable, as consistent, at least, with the visible procedure of the God and Governor of the universe.—See this argument pursued at large in Butler's "*Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion.*"

An acquaintance writes, "I perceive Rutter has helped you; and Rutter is a man to whom it is an honour to be indebted."

Note vv, st. 126.

Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or Nature there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables—Man was made a lie.

—Young's Night Thoughts, Night 7.

Note ww, st. 130.

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind;
Which may not—dares not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

—*Corsair*, Canto 3.

Note xx, st. 139.

There is something within us which constitutes personal identity. Can any one believe himself to be not the same per-

son that he was a year ago? Yet in *what sense* is he the same? The whole substance of *the body* is continually changing, and may have changed entirely and repeatedly, during our life. Consciousness is not personal identity, as Locke supposes, but rather the evidence of it. There is then a principle distinct from the body—call it soul, or mind, or whatever you please. This principle is often the most vigorous when life is ebbing out! The Earl of Rochester a celebrated wit and infidel of Charles II.'s Court, acknowledged in his last illness, that in a former sickness which brought him near dissolution, "when he found his spirits so low that he could not move nor stir, and he did not think to live an hour, he found his reason and judgment so clear and strong, that from thence he was fully persuaded, that death was not the spending or dissolution of the soul, but only the separation of it from matter."—*Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*, by Bishop Burnet.

Note yy, st. 141.—"The Dream," by Lord Byron.

Note zz, st. 153.

His countenance as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.

—Paradise Lost, Book 5.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note a, st. 3.

Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown out of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees.)

—Don Juan, Canto 3, st. 110.

Tonson was the name of a famous race of booksellers.

Note b, st. 5.

Curl and Lintot were two booksellers notorious for literary piracy.

Note c, st. 6.

The Caitiff Vaticide conceived a prayer.

—Dunciad, Book ii. c. 78.

Note d, st. 24.

But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalance all the Cæsar's victories.

—Canto 6. st. 4.

So it stood in the early editions.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common ;

For instance—gentlemen whose ladies take

Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,

And break the—which commandment is 't they break ?

I have forgot the number, and think no man

Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.

—Canto 1, st. 98.

Note e, st. 27.—Canto 8, st. 25.

Note f, st. 30.

And this was admirable, for so hot

The fire was that were red Vesuvius loaded,

Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot,

Or shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.

But of the first, our little friend Don Juan

Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed

Amid such scenes—though this was quite a new one

To him.

Canto 8, st. 16, 52.

Note g, st. 29.

Ismail, a town of Bessarabia, on the Danube, was taken by the Russian army, under Suvaroff, or Suwarow, December 22nd, 1790.

Note h, st. 39.—Canto 1, st. 119.

Note i, st. 41.—Canto 8, st. 4.

Note k, st. 41.

"The details of the siege of Ismail are taken from a French work, entitled, "*Essai sur l'Histoire, ancienne et moderne, de la Nouvelle Russie*, 3 tom., Paris, 1820."—*Byron's Works*, p. 666.

Note l, st. 42.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
The Turkish title) and ranged round the wall
Were couches, toilets,—and much more than this
I might describe, as I have seen it all.

—Canto 6, st. 7.

The above note appears in the first edition of the "Apology." But this did not prevent the dastardly "Fly-sheet" writers' putting a construction on the stanza which only their own *obscene minds* could have suggested.

Note m, st. 45.

See Bishop Burnett's account of Rochester's Death-bed Repentance, in the work already referred to, Note xx. "Boccacio in his old age wrote a letter, entreating his friend to discourage the reading of the Decameron, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state, in his excuse, that he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors."—*Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*.

Note n, st. 48.

This anticipation has been singularly realised.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note a, stanza 17.—Canto 3, st. 10.

Note b, stanza 20.

In 1291 Dante was induced by the solicitation of his friends to form a matrimonial connexion with Gemma, a lady of the noble family of the Donati, by whom he had a numerous offspring. But the violence of her temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to him. It is but justice to add what Boccaccio relates of her; that after the banishment of her husband, she secured some share of his property from the popular fury, under the name of her dowry; that out of this she contrived to support their little family with exemplary discretion; and that she even removed from them the pressure of poverty, by such industrious efforts as in her former affluence she had never been able to exert. Who does not regret, that with qualities so estimable, she wanted the sweetness of temper necessary for rivetting the affections of her husband?—*Cary's Life of Dante.*

Note c, stanza 20.

Jacopo Rusticucci; whom indeed,
My harsh wife, more than all, this evil wrought.
—Inferno, Canto xvi.

He was a rich, valiant, and generous knight of Florence, but unfortunate in having a wife of haughty temper and disagreeable manners, which led to their separation; and occasioned his falling into those vices for which Dante places him in the third round of the seventh circle of hell.

Note d, stanza 21.

Venus had complained to Themis that her son Cupid always continued a child; and was told that, if he had a brother he would grow up in a short time. As soon as Anteros was born, Cupid felt his strength increase, and his wings enlarge; but if ever his brother was at a distance from him, he found himself reduced to his former condition. "By the leave," says Milton, "of those who would be counted the only grave ones, this is no mere amatorious novel (though to be wise and skilful in these matters, men heretofore of greatest name in virtue, have esteemed it one of the highest arcs that human contemplation circling upwards can make from the globy sea whereon she stands): but this is a deep and serious verity, showing that love in marriage cannot subsist unless it be mutual."—*Ib.*

There were among the hot baths at Gadara in Syria, two lesser springs named *Eros* and *Anteros*. It is related of Jamblicus that when questioned by his disciples concerning them, sitting by one of the springs, he put his hand into the water, and muttering some words, a fair complexioned boy, with gold-coloured locks, rose from the water; and then going to the other spring, and doing as he had done before, called up another Cupid, with darker and more dishevelled hair: upon which both the Cupids clung about Jamblicus; but he presently sent them back to their proper places.—*Life of Jamblicus, by Eunapius.*

Note e, stanza 24.

"*Non eam reliqui : non dimisi : non revocabo.*"—*Wesley's Journal.*

Note f, stanza 29. —Canto 5, st. 133.

Note g, st. 30.

What *all* my little ones ! O hell-kite, all !
At one fell swoop !

—*Macbeth.*

Note h, st. 33.

Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was a very ingenious man, and a clever metaphysician; but Locke's doctrine of Secondary Qualities, and the scholastic doctrine of Ideas, put him upon a wrong scent, and led him (very legitimately, upon those premises) to reject a material world. See his "*Principles of Human Knowledge*."

Note i, st. 37.

In childhood time appeared much longer than it does now. The first "month's holiday" of the school-boy seems an eternity of delighted existence. As he grows older his holidays appear shorter; the more years he lives, the less he seems to have lived. The old man can by no means allow that he is old; and when reminded of the scenes of his childhood, "It seems as if it were but yesterday." Carry the scale of measurement backward and forward. If in childhood time seems so long, it is probable that in infancy it seemed longer: but we have forgot all about that period of existence, hardly less dim and mysterious than the unknown future: and if our progress in duration is continually accompanied by a corresponding change in our notion of it—if, as the mind expands, time seems to contract, then in a more exalted state of existence a thousand years may seem but as one day.

Note k, st. 39.

Though in time's record nearly nought,
It was eternity to thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

—The Giaour.

Note l, st. 48.

In the reign of Charles the Second, the principle of the Steam-engine was discovered by the Marquis of Worcester, who published it in his "*Century of Inventions*." The first

actual, working steam-engine, was invented and constructed by Captain Savery, who obtained a patent for it in 1698. This engine, improved by Newcomen and Cawley, in 1713, was still imperfect. The invention was brought to its present state of perfection by James Watt, of Greenock, assisted by Bolton, of Birmingham, about the year 1782. A steam-tug, made by William Symington, appeared on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802. Robert Fulton, who had seen its machinery, introduced steam navigation into the United States, in 1807. Four years afterwards, it was established successfully in this country, by Mr. Henry Bell. The voyage from Boston to Liverpool has been performed in less than ten days. On the 15th Sept., 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, and the first steam railway-train established.

Note m, st. 49.

Job, who lived at a very early period in Arabia, mentions not only writing, but "writing in a book," and engraving "words" in "lead and rock" indelibly. Moses probably became acquainted with these arts in Egypt; for he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians:" and before the tables of the law were written, mention is made of these, as arts familiarly known. *Exodus* xvii. 14, xxviii. 9, 11, 36.

Note n, st. 49.

About A.D. 1435, John Gutenberg, a citizen of Mentz, discovered the art of Printing by moveable types; which with the assistance of John Faust and Peter Shoeffler, he was enabled to bring to perfection. When Faust brought out an edition of the bible at Paris, he sold the copies at 60 crowns apiece, while the scribes demanded 500 for their manuscript copies. This excited universal astonishment, which was much increased by his producing copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowering the price. The uniformity of the copies

heightened the wonder. Informations were laid against him, as a magician : His lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies found. The red ink which embellished them (and Faust's is peculiarly brilliant) was said to be his blood. He was obliged to reveal his art to the parliament of Paris, to save himself from the flames to which he would otherwise have been consigned, as one in league with the devil to multiply copies of the Bible !

Note o, st. 50.

The first sheet of paper printed by steam was the *Times* newspaper of Nov. 28, 1814. In 1833 the number of copies produced in two hours and a half was 10,000. In the early part of 1848, the introduction of a greatly improved principle in the apparatus, considerably increased its power of rapid production. The *Times* and Supplement, May 7th, 1850, contained 72 columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of more than a million types, of which two fifths were composed and corrected after seven in the evening. The greatest number of copies printed, of one day's *Times*, was 54,000.

Note p, st. 51.

Chaucer: "The Squieres Tale," probably derived from an Arabian source.

Note q, st. 53.

In moving over a tract of country, we see the objects on either hand, appearing to move in a contrary direction ; more or less rapidly, according to their distance from us. But any portion of the earth's surface over which we may travel, is so trifling when compared with the distance of the heavenly bodies, that their appearance is not affected by such motion.

Note r, st. 58.—The Britannia Tubes.

Note s, st. 61.

Orellano, an officer of Pizarro, after his voyage down the

Maragnon, pretended to have discovered nations so rich, that the very roofs of their temples were covered with plates of gold. Extravagant as the tale was, it gave rise to an opinion that a region abounding in gold, distinguished by the name of *El Dorado* (The Gilded), was to be found in this part of the New World.—See *Robertson's History of America*.

Note t, st. 63.

Tawell's detection, by means of the Electric Telegraph, is well known. It was while the Judge addressed the Prisoner, before passing sentence, that the incident referred to occurred. It seemed like "A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought."

Note u, st. 65.

In these times, fact soon overtakes anticipation. Since writing the above, I have seen it stated, that "the Emperor of Russia has determined on placing Petersburg in communication with Vienna, by means of the Electric Telegraph, which will pass through Warsaw and Posen. When the line of wire which is now being sunk between Dover and Calais is completed, a person in London may hold almost instantaneous communication with another in Russia."—*Watchman*, May 29th, 1850.

Note v, st. 66.

—————"Full soon
Steam-engines will conduct us to the moon."
Don Juan, Canto 10, st. 2.

Bishop Wilkins was born in 1614, and died in 1672. He published a book entitled "The Discovery of a New World: with a discourse tending to prove that it is possible there may be another habitable world in the moon, with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither." In this treatise he insists on the important results of a commercial intercourse with the lunar inhabitants. "If it be enquired," he says, "what means there may be conjectured for our ascending

beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer, 1st. It is not perhaps impossible, that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body, as angels are pictured, and as Mercury and Dædalus are fained. 2nd. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar, as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soope up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse, why then, it is but teaching one of them to carry a man, and he may ride up thither as Ganymed does upon an eagle. 3rd. Or, if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion to it as shall convey him through the air." Although the above was a juvenile production, the Bishop in his old age adhered to the speculations of his youth, notwithstanding the ridicule to which they exposed him, and which sometimes he could repay. Some one having objected the want of baiting houses, or taverns, by the way; the Bishop replied, that his observer ought to have been the last to raise that obstacle, as few were more famous than he for building Castles in the Air!

Note w, st. 67, 68.

See the story of Zobeide, in the Arabian Nights.

The "Koh-i-noor" Diamond arrived at Plymouth in Her Majesty's Steam-sloop, *Medea*, on Saturday, June 29, 1850. This priceless gem was discovered in the Golconda mines, in 1550. From the hands of Kootub-shah, King of Golconda, it passed into the hands of Shah Jehaun, the Mogul Emperor, and father of Aurung-Zebe, as the reward of his assistance to the revolted Prime Minister of Jehaun. Near the middle of the 18th century, Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror of the Mogul Empire carried it, as the most highly prized of all his spoils, in triumph to Khorassan. After his assassination, a

body of his Affghan Guards carried it with them to their native hills. Shujah Shah, who fled from the British forces to seek the protection of Runjeet Singh, in the Punjaub, was compelled to give up to that potentate, the "Mountain of Light," which he had carried with him. It remained at Lahore with the other valuables of the Sikh treasury till the commencement of our second campaign in the Panjaub, when toward the close of 1848, it came into the hands of the British. Its conventional value amounts to two millions sterling.

The experiments in Electro-chemistry, by Andrew Crosse, Esq., of Taunton, appear to throw light on some of the deepest mysteries of nature; for instance, the crystallization of carbon by Electricity, resulting in the production of Diamond.

Note x, st. 70.

"A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the obelisk: the scaffold was erected beside this statue. On arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart, stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself into the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.—*Lamartine's History of the Girondists*, Book 51, sect. 8.

Note y, st. 71, 72.

"Even I—albeit, I'm sure I did not know it,
Was reckon'd a considerable time,
The Grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

"But Juan was my Moscow and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont St. Jean seems Cain:
But I will fall, at least, as fell my hero,
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign."

Don Juan, Canto 11, st. 55, 56.

Note z, st. 73.

Besides the description of Newstead, under the appellation of Norman Abbey,

"A glorious remnant of the gothic pile,
(While yet the church was Rome's);"

We have the following in the "Epistle to Augusta" his sister :

"I did remind thee of our own dear lake
By the Old Hall, which may be mine no more :
Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore ;
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make.
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
Though, like all things that I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far."

Note aa, st. 76.—Don Juan Canto 3, st. 109.

Note bb, st. 81.—Childe Harold, Canto 4, st. 12.

Enrico Dandolo, in the year 1192, at the age of 85, was elected Doge of Venice. At the age of 97, and when entirely blind, he led the attack of the crusaders on Constantinople in person, and took the city.

Note cc, st. 106.

"The king of dykes, than whom no sluice of mud,
With deeper sable blots the silver flood."

. Dunciad.

"As a RELIGIOUS JOURNAL, it will discuss the Religious question of the day in the spirit of fairness, and catholicity," &c.—*Prospectus of "Wesleyan Times."* Yet this is the journal that has parodied the Ten Commandments, and the most sacred words of the Gospel. The motto from Wesley, "I desire to do all things openly and above board," is weekly inscribed on the front of the "Wesleyan Times," as the motto of *anonymous calumniators* ! Thus the Pharisees made broad their Phylacteries—inscribed with texts of the law—for show and not for use.

Note dd, st. 109.

L. Æmilius, when engaged in a sea-fight on the Ægean, with

the fleet of King Antiochus, vowed to build a temple to the *Lares permarini*, the powers or Genii of the deep.—*Livy* x. l. 52.

Note ee, st. 87.

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

—*Æneid*, lib. vii. c. 312.

Note ff, st. 112.

"Behold they are all vanity; their works are nothing; their molten images are wind and confusion."—*Isaiah* xi. 29.

—"*Hi cornicines, et municipalis arenæ*," etc.

"These men are trumpeters, companions grown,
In each provincial town and city known;
Where, with puff'd cheeks each on the platform blows:
Now rich, they sport their wealth in public shows,
In which to please the crowd's licentious will,
With thumbs reversed they popularly kill:
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In the foul odure of their hireling jakes.

—*Juvenal*, Sat. iii. c. 34, &c.

Note gg, st. 115.

The stanza here quoted was written by Lord Byron, little more than twelve months before the commencement of his fatal illness. Within these few days it has received another affecting illustration in the death of his "school and form fellow," Peel.

Note hh, st. 117.—*Childe Harold*, Canto 2, st. 8.



THE END.

